

And the Third Day . . .

*Life and
Immortality
Brought to
Light*

*Who knows if life be not death, and death
life?—EURIPIDES*

*For them (the dead) the sun shineth in his
strength in the world below, while here
'tis night.—PINDAR*

Sentimus experimurque nos acternos esse.
—SPINOZA

*It is all our life is worth to know if the soul
be mortal or immortal.—PASCAL*

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AND THE THIRD DAY...

A Record of Hope and Fulfilment

Edited by SIR HERBERT GRIERSON

Pictures chosen by JOHN ROTHENSTEIN

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CONTENTS

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Religion

	Page
Introduction	xvii
Thy Dead Men Shall Live	I
<i>Isaiah xxvi, 16-19. The Bible.</i>	
The Lord is My Portion	2
<i>Psalms xvi. The Bible.</i>	
Thou wilt hear me, O God	4
<i>Psalms xvii. The Bible.</i>	
The Kingdom is The Lord's	6
<i>Psalms xxii. The Bible.</i>	
Good Tidings	9
<i>Isaiah lii. The Bible.</i>	
Despised and Rejected of Men	11
<i>Isaiah liii. The Bible.</i>	
Job's Vindicator	14
<i>Book of Job xix, 21-29. The Bible.</i>	
The Myth of Er	16
<i>PLATO. The Republic. Translated by Benjamin Jowett.</i>	
The Death of Socrates	28
<i>PLATO. The Phaedo. Translated by Benjamin Jowett.</i>	
First and Last	36
<i>Isaiah xlviii, 12-19. The Bible.</i>	
These Dead Men Shall Live	37
<i>Ezekiel xxxvii, 1-10. The Bible.</i>	

Contents

	Page
Unto Us a Child is Born	39
<i>VIRGIL. Eclogue IV. Translated by C. S. Calverley.</i>	
The Dream of Scipio	42
<i>CICERO. De Republica VI. From the Latin.</i>	
Prayer for the Dead	48
<i>The Second Book of Maccabees xii, 43-45. The Apocrypha.</i>	
They Are In Peace	49
<i>Wisdom of Solomon ii, 1-7, 10-11, 21-24, and iii, 1-4. The Apocrypha.</i>	
The Story of the Passion and the Resurrection—I	51
<i>Gospel of St. Luke xviii-xxiv. The Bible.</i>	
The Story of the Passion and the Resurrection—II	81
<i>Gospel of St. John xi-xxi. The Bible.</i>	
Born out of Due Time	117
<i>St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians xv. The Bible.</i>	
Lay Hold on Life Eternal	122
<i>St. Paul's First Epistle to Timothy vi. The Bible.</i>	
Now They Desired a Better Country	124
<i>St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews xi. The Bible.</i>	
The Lord's Coming	128
<i>Second Epistle of St. Peter iii. The Bible.</i>	
A Voice of a Great Multitude	130
<i>Revelation xix, xx and xxi. The Bible.</i>	
Victimæ Paschali	137
<i>Translated by John Mason Neale in Collected Hymns of J. M. Neale, 1914.</i>	
The Lot of the Blessed	138
<i>Cynewulf's Crist. The Poems of Cynewulf translated and edited by C. W. Kennedy.</i>	

Contents

	Page
Supernae Matris Gaudia	139
From the Latin of ADAM OF ST. VICTOR (c. 1150). <i>Yattendon Hymnal</i> , edited by Robert Bridges and H. Ellis Woodbridge, 1899.	
Paradise	141
DANTE. <i>The Paradiso xxx—xxxiii</i> . Translated by H. F. Cary.	
The New Jerusalem	160
<i>The Pearl. Stanzas 13—96</i> . Translated by Jessie L. Weston in <i>Romance, Vision and Satire</i> , 1912.	
It is full merry in Heaven	167
<i>The Book of Margery Kempe</i> , 1436, modernised by Lt.-Col. W. Butler-Bowden.	
Love without End	168
DAME JULIA of Norwich. <i>Revelations of Divine Love</i> , edited by G. M. Warrack.	
Even such is Time	169
SIR WALTER RALEIGH. <i>Poems of Raleigh, etc.</i> , edited by J. Hannah, 1892.	
Easter Sunday	170
EDMUND SPENSER. <i>Amoretti and Epithalamion</i> , 1595.	
Eternal Love	171
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. <i>Astrophel and Stella</i> , 1591.	
The Death of Death	172
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. <i>Sonnets Never Before Imprinted</i> , 1609.	
Resurget Frater Tuus	173
LANCELOT ANDREWES. <i>On the Resurrection. Sermon 1 of xcvi Sermons</i> , 1629.	
Christ's Triumph After Death	174
GILES FLETCHER. <i>Christ's Victory and Triumph</i> , 1610.	
Death, Thou Shalt Die	180
JOHN DONNE. <i>Divine Poems</i> , 1633.	

Contents

	Page
Teach me how to Repent	181
JOHN DONNE. <i>Divine Poems</i> , 1633.	
Non Moriar, Non Moriar	182
JOHN DONNE. <i>Sermon xxv of lxxx Sermons</i> , 1640.	
The Resurrection of the Body	185
SIR THOMAS BROWNE. <i>Religio Medici</i> , Section 48, 1642-3.	
The Metaphysics of True Belief	187
SIR THOMAS BROWNE. <i>Urne Buriall</i> , 1658.	
Ad Coenam Agni Providi	190
From the Latin of Adam of St. Victor (c. 1150). <i>Yattendon Hymnal</i> , edited by Robert Bridges and H. Ellis Woodbridge, 1899.	
The Risen Christ our Hope	192
THOMAS FULLER.	
Eternity	193
ROBERT HERRICK. <i>Hesperides and Noble Numbers</i> , 1648.	
On Heaven	194
ROBERT HERRICK. <i>Hesperides and Noble Numbers</i> , 1648.	
The Sum and the Satisfaction	195
ROBERT HERRICK. <i>Hesperides and Noble Numbers</i> , 1648.	
The White Island: Or Place of the Blest	196
ROBERT HERRICK. <i>Hesperides and Noble Numbers</i> , 1648.	
Easter	197
GEORGE HERBERT. <i>The Temple</i> , 1633.	
Easter Hymn	199
HENRY VAUGHAN. <i>Silex Scintillans Or Sacred Poems</i> , 1650.	
They are all gone into the World of Light	200
HENRY VAUGHAN. <i>Silex Scintillans Or Sacred Poems</i> , 1650.	

Contents

	Page
Easter Day	202
RICHARD CRASHAW. <i>Steps to the Temple</i> , 1646.	
On Time	203
JOHN MILTON. <i>Poems Upon Several Occasions</i> , 1645.	
The Blest Kingdom of Joy and Love	204
JOHN MILTON. <i>Lycidas in Justa Edouardo King Naufrago Canatabrigia</i> , 1638.	
Man Shall Find Grace	205
JOHN MILTON. <i>Paradise Lost</i> , III, 227-415. 1667.	
The Earth Shall Be All Paradise	212
JOHN MILTON. <i>Paradise Lost</i> , XII, 451-465. 1667.	
Old Age	213
EDMUND WALLER. <i>Divine Poems</i> , 1685.	
The Mansions Where We Shall Sing and Feast	214
JEREMY TAYLOR. <i>Holy Dying</i> , Section viii, 1651.	
The City Shone Like the Sun	218
JOHN BUNYAN. <i>The Pilgrim's Progress</i> , Part I, 1678.	
Renewed in Christ	227
RICHARD BAXTER. <i>Saints Everlasting Rest</i> , 1650.	
The Islands of the Blest	229
ADDISON. <i>The Vision of Mirza. The Spectator</i> , 1711.	
The Great Teacher Death	231
ALEXANDER POPE. <i>Essay on Man</i> , 1733.	
Hope and Fear	232
SAMUEL JOHNSON. <i>The Vanity of Human Wishes</i> , 1749.	
No More Grief or Separation	234
SAMUEL JOHNSON. <i>Sermons Composed for John Taylor</i> , 2 vols., 1788-9.	
A Prospect of Heaven Makes Death Easy	236
ISAAC WATTS. <i>Hymns and Spiritual Songs</i> , 1707.	

Contents

	Page
The Humble Worship of Heaven	238
ISAAC WATTS. <i>Hymns and Spiritual Songs</i> , 1707.	
Ye Golden Lamps	239
PHILIP DODDRIDGE. <i>Hymns</i> , 1755.	
O Scenes Surpassing Fable	240
WILLIAM COWPER. <i>The Winter Walk at Noon. The Task</i> , 1785.	
So Good Must be Better	243
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. <i>Letter Occasioned by the Death of his Brother John in 1805</i> .	
There is a God, and a Just God.	245
SIR WALTER SCOTT. <i>Journal</i> (December 10th, 1825), edited by Principal J. G. Tait.	
The Question	247
LORD BYRON. <i>Detached Thoughts. Moore's Letters and Journals</i> , etc., 1833.	
The Abode Where the Eternal Are	248
SHELLEY. <i>Adonais</i> , 1821.	
The Vale of Soul-Making	254
JOHN KEATS. <i>Letter to George and Georgina Keats</i> , April 1819. <i>Letters of John Keats</i> edited by M. Buxton Forman, 1895.	
Everlasting Day	259
J. H. NEWMAN. <i>Dream of Gerontius</i> , 1865.	
What Are We to Be?	260
MARY HOWITT. <i>An Autobiography</i> edited by her Daughter Margaret Howitt, 1889. Vol. I.	
October	261
WILLIAM MORRIS. <i>The Earthly Paradise</i> .	
An Easter Carol	262
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. <i>A Pageant and Other Poems</i> , 1881.	

Contents

	Page
Easter Day	263
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. <i>A Pageant and Other Poems</i> , 1881.	
Paradise	264
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. <i>A Pageant and Other Poems</i> , 1881.	
Heaven Is Not Far	266
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. <i>A Pageant and Other Poems</i> , 1881.	
Up-Hill	267
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. <i>A Pageant and Other Poems</i> , 1881.	
The Resurrection of the Body	268
J. H. NEWMAN. <i>Parochial and Plain Sermons</i> , 1837-42.	
The Lord Reigneth	269
J. H. NEWMAN. <i>Parochial and Plain Sermons</i> , 1837-42.	
Death Everlasting?	271
MARCEL PROUST. <i>Remembrance of Things Past. The Captive</i> , translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff.	
God and Conscience	273
ROBERT BRIDGES. <i>Testament of Beauty, Book IV</i> , 1253-67, 1929.	
Christ in Human Friendship	274
ROBERT BRIDGES. <i>Testament of Beauty, Book IV</i> , 1399-1422, 1929.	
Vignette "Among the Meadows"	275
ROBERT BRIDGES. <i>Poetical Works</i> , 1913.	
"Gird On Thy Sword, O Man"	277
ROBERT BRIDGES. <i>Poetical Works</i> , 1913.	
Easter Night	278
ALICE MEYNELL. <i>Ten Poems</i> , 1915.	
"My Lord and My God"	279
LAURENCE HOUSMAN. <i>Rue</i> , 1923.	

Contents

	Page
The Dying-Day of Death	281
RONALD C. MACFIE: <i>Granite Dust</i> , 1892.	
There	283
MARY E. COLERIDGE: <i>Poems</i> , 1908.	
The Kingdom of God: "In No Strange Land"	284
FRANCIS THOMPSON: <i>New Poems</i> , 1899.	
That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire and of the Comfort of the Resurrection	285
GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS: <i>Poems</i> , 1918.	
When I Was a Child	287
A. W. MAIR: <i>Poems</i> , 1934.	
Collect for the Fourth Sunday after Trinity	288
<i>The Book of Common Prayer.</i>	

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

The Raising of Lazarus	<i>Facing page</i>	18
<i>Duccio</i>		
The Supper in the House of Simon	<i>Between pages</i>	18-19
Mary Magdalene anoints the feet of Christ		
<i>Paolo Veronese</i>		
The Entry into Jerusalem	<i>Facing page</i>	19
<i>Rubens</i>		
Christ Cleansing the Temple	<i>Facing page</i>	50
<i>El Greco</i>		
The Institution of the Eucharist	<i>Between pages</i>	50-51
<i>Fra Angelico</i>		
The Last Supper	<i>Facing page</i>	51
<i>Titian</i>		
Christ before Pilate	„ „	66
<i>P. Lorenzetti</i>		
Christ at the Column of Scourging	„ „	67
<i>Rembrandt</i>		
Ecce Homo	„ „	98
<i>Titian</i>		
Christ Crowned with Thorns	„ „	99
<i>Titian</i>		
Pilate Washing his Hands	„ „	106
<i>Rembrandt</i>		
Christ Carrying the Cross	„ „	107
<i>Giovanni Bellini</i>		

List of Illustrations

Christ and Simon of Cyrene . . .	<i>Facing page</i>	114
<i>Titian</i>		
Crucifixion . . .	<i>Between pages</i>	114-115
<i>Mantegna</i>		
Soldiers Casting Lots for Christ's Garments . . .	<i>Facing page</i>	115
<i>William Blake</i>		
Christ on the Cross . . . , ,		122
<i>Velasquez</i>		
The Dying Christ . . . , ,		123
<i>Matthew Paris</i>		
The Descent from the Cross . . . , ,		146
<i>Roger Van Der Weyden</i>		
The Entombment . . .	<i>Between pages</i>	146-147
<i>Poussin</i>		
Pieta . . .	<i>Facing page</i>	147
<i>Michel Angelo</i>		
The Procession from Calvary . . . , ,		162
<i>William Blake</i>		
The Entombment . . .	<i>Between pages</i>	162-163
<i>William Blake</i>		
Angels Hovering over the Body of Jesus . . . , ,		162-163
<i>William Blake</i>		
Christ in Limbo . . .	<i>Facing page</i>	163
<i>Fra Angelico</i>		
The Resurrection . . . , ,		194
<i>Giovanni Bellini</i>		
The Resurrection of Christ . . .	<i>Between pages</i>	194-195
<i>Fra Angelico</i>		

List of Illustrations

The Resurrection	<i>Between pages</i>	194—195
<i>Piero della Francesca</i>		
The Resurrection of Christ	<i>Facing page</i>	195
<i>Titian</i>		
The Angel Rolling away the Stone from the Sepulchre	„ „	226
<i>William Blake</i>		
The Angel appearing to the Three Marys at the Sepulchre	<i>Between pages</i>	226—227
<i>William Blake</i>		
Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene „ „		226—227
<i>Albert Pinkham Ryder</i>		
Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene .	<i>Facing page</i>	227
<i>Correggio</i>		
The Supper at Emmaus	„ „	258
<i>Albert Houthuesen</i>		
The Supper at Emmaus	<i>Between pages</i>	258—259
<i>Velasquez</i>		
The Supper at Emmaus	„ „	258—259
<i>Rembrandt</i>		
Christ appearing to the Apostles after the Resurrection	<i>Facing page</i>	259
<i>William Blake</i>		
St. Thomas Doubting	„ „	274
<i>Rubens</i>		
Christ's Charge to Peter (Feed my Sheep)	<i>Between pages</i>	274—275
<i>Raphael</i>		
The Descent of the Holy Ghost	<i>Facing page</i>	275
<i>Titian</i>		

List of Illustrations

COLOUR PLATES

Christ Washing Peter's Feet . . .	<i>Facing page</i>	34
<i>Ford Madox Brown</i>		
The Agony in the Garden . . .	<i>Between pages</i>	82-83
<i>Giovanni Bellini</i>		
Christ Appearing to Mary Magdalene . . .	<i>Facing page</i>	178
<i>Titian</i>		
The Ascension of Christ	„ „	242
<i>William Blake</i>		

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INTRODUCTION

FEAR and Hope are the companions with whom we advance into a future of whose contents we can foresee nothing that lies, not a year, a month, a week, a day, but a moment ahead. A man may die while he rises to take his pipe from the mantelpiece, or while he crosses the room. I speak of what has lain within my own experience.

Then with the knowledge of death as walking beside
me,
And the thought of death close walking the other side
of me,
And I in the middle, as with companions, and as
holding the hands of companions:

that is our position always if we cared to reflect upon it. But fortunately, at least for *this* life, we do not give too constant thought to all the perils with which we are beset. We feel as though we *knew* what experience has induced us to *expect*. Fear may be the more powerful emotion—Hope is the more inspiring. Mankind *will* dream of a better world than that in which he finds himself, and little wonder. It may, he thinks, lie in the past, a Golden Age, a Garden of Eden from which our too credulous parents were expelled; but also it

Introduction

may lie ahead in the untravelled future, be something to hope for, to hope for *here*, in the world we know. It was the permission conceded by Cyrus to the Jews to return to the Holy Land that evoked the passionate, eloquent strains from the prophet called loosely the second Isaiah (for there are more than one), strains which have been transferred to a later hope evoked by the promised return of the Christ: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins. The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight", and so it runs on. "The crooked shall be made straight", that is the ever-recurring cry of the heart of man, ever-recurring and ever disappointed in what has been justly called "the sad history of our race". It was, if I may believe Dr. Charles in his *Between the Old and New Testaments*, the final disappointment of the dream of the Jews' return to the Holy Land (and they are dreaming of it again today) that led to the transference of the dream of a better world to beyond the grave. Of a life after death the *Old Testament* knows little or nothing. Once or twice the commentators think there is an approach to such a thought, a feeling that it *must* be part of God's providence for them, and I have cited some of the

Introduction

passages claimed. But even if the text be correct (and some of the most often quoted passages from the *Poem of Job* are certainly corrupt), the reference, the significance, is far from certain. But in the passage from *Second Maccabees* (between 125 B.C. and A.D. 70) which I have quoted a resurrection is spoken of with confidence, and we all know that in the *New Testament* the Pharisees, but not the Sadducees, believed in the resurrection from the dead. For Christians the final confirmation of that doctrine is what took place on Easter morning. With the truth of that story Christian doctrine stands or falls. Easter is the great day of the Christian year. Christmas may have more homely and tender associations, but Easter is the birthday of the Christian hope so eloquently expounded by St. Paul. On that day finally Life and Immortality were brought to light. On that fact the Christian Hope is based; and Christian Hope is not a state of hopefulness. With Faith and Charity it is one of the three virtues which Christianity added to Plato's cardinal virtues—Knowledge, Prudence, Courage and Temperance. The Christian Hope is a

 certain expectation that the heart
Has of the future glory; the effect
Of divine grace and precedent desert,

divine grace and human merit, so Dante translating from Petrus Lombardus; "*Spes est certa expectatio futurae beatitudinis, veniens ex Dei gratia et meritis praecedentibus.*" The sole object of Christian hope is the life beyond the

Introduction

grave. The Christian has no better reason for being hopeful about the way things on earth will fall out for him or her than any other person.

For hope, as we use the word from day to day, applying it to our expectations here on earth, and belief in a life after death, may both be mischievous states of mind. "Hope," says Dr. Johnson, "is necessary in every condition. The miseries of poverty, of sickness, of captivity would, without this comfort, be insupportable; nor does it appear that the happiest lot of terrestrial existence can set us above the want of this general blessing. . . . Yet hope is very fallacious, and promises what it seldom gives." And if hope, earthly hope, may be a misleader, the belief in a life after death may be positively pernicious. To believe that a king is to live another life in Sheol, or wherever it may be, a life much the same as this life, may make it seem desirable and right that his wives and servants should be put to death to accompany their lord and master. It is when an ethical and spiritual outlook becomes dominant that the prospect of death, and a life after death, takes on a new and solemn significance. It is not just fear. Fear has always haunted the heart of man at the prospect of death. Lucretius composed a long poem, expounding the philosophy of Epicurus, with the express purpose of dissipating the fear of death by proving that the mind dies with the body. But to Dr. Johnson (and many others) the prospect of annihilation is almost, or quite, as depressing a prospect as a life in pain:

Introduction

sad cure, for who would lose
Though full of pain this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night
Devoid of sense and motion?

So speaks Belial; and, one suspects, expresses the thought of Milton himself. "There is one mode of the fear of death," said Miss Seward to Dr. Johnson, "which is certainly absurd; and that is the fear of annihilation, which is merely a pleasing sleep without a dream." *Johnson*: "It is neither pleasing nor sleep; it is nothing. Now mere existence is so much better than nothing, that one would rather exist in pain, than not exist . . . the Lady confounds annihilation with the fear of it, which is dreadful. It is in the apprehension of it that the horror of annihilation consists." The value of faith in a life beyond the grave depends on the degree to which we believe that the nature of the life to come depends on the manner in which we have used our life here on earth. That is the position of Socrates in the *Apologia*: "Either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness or, as men say, there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another. Now if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by the sight of dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain . . . even the Great King will not find many such days or nights, when compared with the others. Now

Introduction

if death is like this, I say that to die is gain, for eternity is then only a single night. But if death be the journey to another place, and there, as men say, all the dead are, what good, O my friends and judges, can be greater than this? If indeed when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give justice there, Minos and Rhadamanthus and Aeacus and Triptolemus, and other sons of God, who were righteous in their own life, that pilgrimage will be worth making." Above all I shall be able to continue my search into the true and false knowledge, as in this world so in that, I shall find out who is wise, and who pretends to be wise and is not. "Wherefore, O Judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth—that no evil can happen to a good man either in life or after death." "In life", that is a difficult position to make good. "The theme of the Book of Job," says one of its latest translators and commentators, "is the revolt of a suffering and helpless man against a pitiless and all-powerful God. Job has been driven to question the prevailing misgovernment of the world. God does not rule as he ought for the benefit of men; still less does he dispense to each the fortune he deserves. Job stands for the human race in his protest against the evils of human life."¹ And Plato's Socrates is just as convinced as the author of the *Poem*

¹*The Poem of Job*. A Literary Study with a New Translation. By William Barron Stevenson, D.Litt., D.D., LL.D., Emeritus Professor of Semitic Languages, University of Glasgow. London, 1947.

Introduction

of *Job* that life on earth is a poor frustrated thing if all ends with death; but he is more sure that it does not. Socrates spends his last day on earth in no re-vindication of his own career, or in political and theological speculation, but in quite confident assertion of his expectation of life after death. Crito may bury Socrates' body, but he must not think it is Socrates, who still lives. In like manner when, in the *Republic*, he has drawn the best picture he can of the perfect state, he goes on at once to admit that all this is as nothing compared with the hope of another life, and he tells the story of Er who was dead and lived again to narrate what he had seen. But Socrates' faith is based on philosophical reasoning, not accepted by all other Greek thinkers; nor, to tell the truth, are his arguments very convincing to us. The only convincing proof of life after death must be the fact of such a life, that men have seen and handled the body of one whom they had seen dead. It is the belief that such was the experience of the men St. Paul enumerates that is the basis of the Christian faith, the fact of which Easter is the celebration. On that fact Christian faith stands or falls. Christianity is no new code of morals. Christ taught little that had not been envisaged, adumbrated, by earlier teachers. The forgiveness of sins is commended as noble by Juvenal, is taken for granted as a duty by the author of *The Poem of Job*: "If I rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me or lifted up myself when evil found him: neither have I suffered my mouth to sin by wishing a curse upon his soul" (*Job xxxi. 29-30*). What

Introduction

our Lord did was to breathe into the old commandment a new spirit, and to give it a new sanction—a new spirit, the spirit of love; a new sanction, the sanction of a life after death. “Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you, that you may be the children of your father in heaven: for he maketh the sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust” (but is that not what Job complains of?). The new sanction was the confirmation by the Resurrection on Easter morning when Life and Immortality were brought to light. He who was seen to die was again seen to be alive, seen and felt: “Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless but believing. And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God.” With belief in these statements as recording facts the Christian Faith stands or falls. “For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised; and if Christ be not raised, your faith is in vain . . . then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all died, so in Christ shall all be made alive.”

Introduction

Christianity is not a philosophy of life; though starting from what Christianity affirms one may attain to a deeper insight into the significance of life. Christianity is a faith that certain events did happen, of which the most startling and revealing was what Easter celebrates. Jesus Christ died on the Cross as a consequence of the Good News which He brought to men. Socrates too died a martyr to his services to his fellow men; and there are other such martyrs. But Jesus Christ gave a sanction to His message of a new life by the fact that He rose again on Easter Sunday morning. He gave mankind a new hope.

Fear has its place in the spiritual life as well as hope, from the fear of God to the most distressing form of fear, the fear of Hell as felt by so good a man as Dr. Johnson. I had nearly said the lowest form of fear, but that would be entirely unjust. The lowest form of fear is the fear of "the world" as Christ used that word; "Jesus Christ," writes Leopardi, "was the first who clearly indicated to men that eulogist and preceptor of all the unreal virtues, the detractor and persecutor of the true; that adversary of all the intrinsic and proper greatness of man; derider of all elevated feeling unless believed to be false; of all tender feeling if believed to be inwardly felt; slave of the courageous, tyrant of the weak, enemy of the unhappy; all that Jesus Christ denoted by the name of the World. This general idea, of so great validity and which has since been and will be of such use, was not, I believe, born before that time nor can I recollect ever finding it under a precise

Introduction

name in any Gentile philosophy. It may be that before that time vileness and fraud were not full grown, and civilisation had not reached that stage where in great part it is identical with corruption" (Leopardi: *Pensieri*, lxxxvi).

But if fear is a useful slave-driver, Hope is the great inspirer. It is hope that makes the victims in Dante's *Purgatorio* different from the unhappy and more dramatically presented wanderers in the *Inferno*. The former rejoice in their suffering, a healing suffering. They shrunk further into the fire. "The obscure sojourn of daemons and reprobates is underfoot: a soft breath of penitence mounts higher and higher to the throne of Mercy itself. . . . They toil painfully up that winding steep, bent down like corbels of a building, some of them crushed together so for the sin of pride: yet nevertheless in years, ages and aeons they shall have reached the top, which is Heaven's gate and by Mercy have been admitted in"—so Carlyle on Dante in *Heroes and Hero-worship*. It is Hope which conjures up visions of a better life, no longer life on earth but a life lit by a light that never was on land or sea, a land the light of which is love. Easter is the greatest of Christian festivals, for it is the festival of Christian Hope. No section of the Christian Church has realised that more vividly than the Orthodox Church, it may be because it is also the festival of Spring, the return of light and life, and that return is felt more acutely in a country such as Russia than in our more temperate climate. No one who has read Tolstoi's

Introduction

Resurrection can forget the description of that opening Easter morning, the early worshippers issuing from the Church to exchange the greeting CHRIST IS RISEN.

H. J. C. GRIERSON

Edinburgh

1948

EDITOR'S NOTE

A word on the order in which I have arranged my selections. The first pieces, from the Old Testament and from Greek or other authors, were chosen as more or less consciously pointing forward to, anticipatory of some assurance of a life after death, a craving for immortality: "For earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God" (Rom. viii. 19). The creature I have taken to include the human race more or less consciously awaiting the revelation and assurance of life beyond the grave.

In making his selections the editor has occasionally discussed with various friends; but his chief debt, for suggestions and assistance, is to Miss M. Joan Sargeaunt, at the time Advisor to Women Students in the University of Edinburgh, now Principal of King's College of Household and Social Science in the University of London.

In the reference to the Old Testament I should have excepted (and quoted) the Book of Daniel xii. 2-3 especially v. 3. "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." But this too is late, c. 167 B.C.

H. J. C. Grierson.

And the Third Day . . .

THY DEAD MEN SHALL LIVE

LORD, in trouble have they visited thee, they poured out a prayer when thy chastening was upon them. Like as a woman with child, that draweth near the time of her delivery, is in pain, and crieth out in her pangs; so have we been in thy sight, O Lord. We have been with child, we have been in pain, we have as it were brought forth wind; we have not wrought any deliverance in the earth; neither have the inhabitants of the world fallen. Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead.

Isaiah xxvi. 16-19.

THE LORD IS MY PORTION

PRESERVE me, O God: for in thee do I
put my trust.
O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord,
Thou art my Lord:
My goodness extendeth not to thee;
But to the saints that are in the earth,
And to the excellent, in whom is all my delight.

Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after
another god:
Their drink offerings of blood will I not offer,
Nor take up their names into my lips.

The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my
cup:
Thou maintainest my lot.
The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places;
Yea, I have a goodly heritage.
I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel:
My reins also instruct me in the night seasons.
I have set the Lord always before me:
Because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.
Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth:
My flesh also shall rest in hope.

The Lord is My Portion

For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell;¹
Neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corrup-
tion.

Thou wilt show me the path of life:
In thy presence is fulness of joy;
At thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

Psalm xvi.

¹Hell (or Sheol in the Revised Version) was the place of the departed where there were social but no moral distinctions. He is speaking of life on earth, but as Oesterley says in his translation of Duhm's *Das Buch Jesaiah*: "The Psalmist does not envisage a future life but he is very near being forced to believe in it." In the closing verses of Psalm xvii the writer seems to go farther:

"As for me, I shall behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied when I awake, with thy likeness." And in Psalm xxxix. 6, 7, 8, we get:

"Surely as a shadow man walketh, surely to no purpose is he disquieted;
He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who will gather them.

And now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in thee",
on which Duhm remarks: "It appears to me that no other explanation is possible than that of assuming that the poet in silent thought hoped for the continuance of life after death, though without being able to base this hope on any demonstrable proof, or any teaching, that had been put forth."—*Das Buch Jesaiah*, translated by W. O. E. Oesterley in *A Fresh Approach to the Psalms*. London, 1937.

THOU WILT HEAR ME, O GOD

HEAR the right, O Lord, attend unto my
cry,
Give ear unto my prayer that goeth not
out of feigned lips.

Let my sentence come forth from thy presence;

Let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.

Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in
the night;

Thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing;

I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy
lips

I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.

Hold up my goings in thy paths,

That my footsteps slip not.

I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God:

Incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

Shew thy marvellous lovingkindness, O thou that savest

by thy right hand them which put their trust in thee
From those that rise up against them.

Keep me as the apple of the eye,

Hide me under the shadow of thy wings,

From the wicked that oppress me,

From my deadly enemies, who compass me about.

Thou wilt hear me, O God

They are inclosed in their own fat:
With their mouth they speak proudly.
They have now compassed us in our steps:
They have set their eyes bowing down to the earth;
Like as a lion that is greedy of his prey,
And as it were a young lion lurking in secret places.
Arise, O Lord,
Disappoint him, cast him down:
Deliver my soul from the wicked, which is thy sword:
From men which are thy hand, O Lord,
From men of the world, which have their portion in this
life,
And whose belly thou fillest with thy hid treasure:
They are full of children,
And leave the rest of their substance to their babes.

As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness:
I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.

Psalm xvii.

THE KINGDOM IS THE LORD'S

MY GOD, my God, why hast thou forsaken
me?
Why art thou so far from helping me and
from the words of my roaring?

O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou hearest not;
And in the night season, and am not silent.

But thou art holy,
O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.
Our fathers trusted in thee:
They trusted, and thou didst deliver them.
They cried unto thee, and were delivered:
They trusted in thee, and were not confounded.
But I am a worm, and no man;
A reproach of men and despised of the people.
All they that see me laugh me to scorn:
They shoot out the lip, they shake the head, saying,
He trusted on the Lord that he would deliver him:
Let him deliver him, seeing he delighted in him.

But thou art he that took me out of the womb:
Thou didst make me hope when I was upon my mother's
breasts.

I was cast upon thee from the womb:
Thou art my God from my mother's belly.
Be not far from me; for trouble is near;

The Kingdom is The Lord's

For there is none to help.
Many bulls have compassed me:
Strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round.
They gaped upon me with their mouths,
As a ravening and a roaring lion.
I am poured out like water,
And all my bones are out of joint:
My heart is like wax;
It is melted in the midst of my bowels.
My strength is dried up like a potsherd;
And my tongue cleaveth to my jaws;
And thou hast brought me into the dust of death.
For dogs have compassed me:
The assembly of the wicked have inclosed me:
They pierced my hands and my feet.
I may tell all my bones:
They look and stare upon me.
They part my garments among them,
And cast lots upon my vesture.

But be not thou far from me, O Lord:
O my strength, haste thee to help me.
Deliver my soul from the sword;
My darling from the power of the dog.
Save me from the lion's mouth:
For thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns.
I will declare thy name unto my brethren:
In the midst of the congregation will I praise thee.
Ye that fear the Lord, praise him;
All ye the seed of Jacob, glorify him;

The Kingdom is The Lord's

And fear him, all ye the seed of Israel.
For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of
the afflicted;
Neither hath he hid his face from him;
But when he cried unto him, he heard.

My praise shall be of thee in the great congregation:
I will pay my vows before them that fear him.
The meek shall eat and be satisfied:
They shall praise the Lord that seek him:
Your heart shall live for ever.
All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto
the Lord:
And all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before
thee.
For the kingdom is the Lord's:
And he is the governor among the nations.
All they that be fat upon earth shall eat and worship:
All they that go down to the dust shall bow before him:
And none can keep alive his own soul.
A seed shall serve him;
It shall be accounted to the Lord for a generation.
They shall come, and shall declare his righteousness
Unto a people that shall be born, that he hath done this.

Psalms xxii.

GOOD TIDINGS

AWAKE, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city: for henceforth there shall no more come into thee the uncircumcised and the unclean. Shake thyself from the dust; arise, and sit down, O Jerusalem: loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion. For thus saith the Lord, Ye have sold yourselves for naught; and ye shall be redeemed without money. For thus saith the Lord God, My people went down aforetime into Egypt to sojourn there; and the Assyrian oppressed them without cause. Now therefore, what have I here, saith the Lord, that my people is taken away for naught? they that rule over them make them to howl, saith the Lord; and my name continually every day is blasphemed. Therefore my people shall know my name: therefore they shall know in that day that I am he that doth speak: behold it is I.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! Thy watchman shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing: for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion.

Good Tidings

Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem: for the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem. The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

Depart ye, depart ye, go ye out from thence, touch no unclean thing; go ye out of the midst of her; be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord. For ye shall not go out with haste, nor go by flight: for the Lord will go before you; and the God of Israel will be your reward.

Behold, my servant shall deal prudently, he shall be exalted and extolled, and be very high. As many were astonished at thee; his visage was so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men: so shall he sprinkle many nations; the kings shall shut their mouths at him: for that which had not been told them shall they see; and that which they had not heard shall they consider.

Isaiah lii.

DESPISED AND REJECTED OF MEN

WHO HATH believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth. He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken. And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in

Despised and Rejected of Men

his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth. Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand. He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death; and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

Isaiah liii.¹

¹From oppression and condemnation he was delivered;
And his dwelling place who considers?
For he was cut off from the land of the living;
Because of the transgression of my people he was smitten to death.

And they made his grave with the wicked,
And with the wrong-doers his burial-mound,
Yet he had done no violence
And there was no deceit in his mouth.

And it pleased Jahweh to purify him,
To renew his old age,
The delight of his soul shall he see,
A seed and length of days.

And Jahveh's purpose is in his hand,
He will deliver his soul from harm,
Will show him light, and make him satisfied,
And pronounce him guiltless as to his suffering.

Contemptible was his servant to many,
Yet their iniquities he bore;
Therefore shall he receive the inheritance of many,
And with many shall he divide the spoil.

Despised and Rejected of Men

For he laid down his life;
And was numbered among the transgressors;
For he bore the sin of many,
And for transgressors he made intercession.

Isaiah liii. 8-12.

This is the version of Duhm (*Das Buch Jesaiah*) of which Oesterley says: "It is based partly on the Septuagint, and partly on the phraseology occurring elsewhere in the Old Testament." Oesterley adds: "That we have here the thought of life after death is not to be denied; it is but tentative, and applies only to the Servant; it was left to later teachers to show that the risen life was not lived on earth. But the thought of life after death is definitely stated, so that when later teachers taught of resurrection and life beyond the grave, they were not enunciating a new truth. This poem proves that."—W. O. E. Oesterley: *A Fresh Approach to the Psalms*. London, 1937.

JOB'S VINDICATOR

HAVE pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends; for the hand of God hath touched me. Why do ye persecute me as God, and are not satisfied with my flesh?

Oh that my words were now written! oh that they were printed in a book! That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever! For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me.

But ye should say, Why persecute we him, seeing the root of the matter is found in me?

Be ye afraid of the sword: for wrath bringeth the punishments of the sword, that ye may know there is a judgment.

Book of Job xix. 21-29.¹

¹It is a pity that these so often quoted, and built on, lines seem to have disappeared in the light of modern criticism. See the British Academy's edition of *The Poem of Job*, by William Barron Stevenson, Professor-Emeritus of Semitic Languages in the University of Glasgow. All that is allowed, with the help of the Septuagint, is:

I would that my words were written with a pen of iron on lead,
I would they were traced in a book, or for ever engraved on a rock.
I am sure that my Goel (i.e. Vindicator) lives and will yet stand forth on the sod;
By Shaddai's leave I shall see it and the want in my breast shall be stilled.

Job's Vindicator

Whereupon follows immediately the

Second Reply of Sophar

When you say how greatly he persecutes, and the root of the matter rests in him,

Untrue are the thoughts you address to us, mere breath you give us for insight . . . abusive reproof I must hear.

THE MYTH OF ER

THESE, then, are the prizes and rewards and gifts which are bestowed upon the just by gods and men in this present life, in addition to those other good things which justice of herself gives.

Yes, he said: and they are fair and lasting.

And yet, I said, all these things are as nothing either in number or greatness in comparison with those other recompenses which await both just and unjust after death, which are more and greater far. And you ought to hear them, and then both of them will have received the perfect meed of words due to them.

Speak, he said; there are few things which I would more gladly hear.

Well, I said, I will tell you a tale; not one of the tales which Odysseus tells to Alcinous, yet this too is a tale of a brave man, Er the son of Armenius, a Pamphylian by birth. He was slain in battle, and ten days afterwards, when the bodies of the dead were brought in already in a state of corruption, he was brought in with them undecayed, and carried home to be buried. And on the twelfth day, as he was lying on the funeral pile, he returned to life and told them what he had seen in the other world. He said that when his soul departed he went on a journey with a great company, and that

The Myth of Er

they came to a mysterious place at which there were two chasms in the earth; they were near together and over against them were two other chasms in the heaven above. In the intermediate space there were judges seated, who bade the just, after they had judged them, ascend by the heavenly way on the right hand, having the signs of the judgment bound on their foreheads; and in like manner the unjust were commanded by them to descend by the lower way on the left hand; these also had the symbols of their deeds fastened on their backs. He drew near, and they told him that he was to be the messenger of the other world to men, and they bade him hear and see all that was to be heard and seen in that place. Then he beheld and saw on one side the souls departing at either chasm of heaven and earth when sentence had been given on them; and at the two other openings other souls, some ascending out of the earth dusty and worn with travel, some descending out of heaven clean and bright. And always, on their arrival, they seemed as if they had come from a long journey, and they went out into the meadow with joy and there encamped as at a festival, and those who knew one another embraced and conversed, the souls which came from earth curiously enquiring about the things of heaven, and the souls which came from heaven of the things of earth. And they told one another of what had happened by the way, some weeping and sorrowing at the remembrance of the things which they had endured and seen in their journey beneath the earth (now the journey lasted a thousand years), while others were

The Myth of Er

describing heavenly blessings and visions of inconceivable beauty. There is not time, Glaucon, to tell all; but the sum was this:—He said that for every wrong which they had done to any one they suffered tenfold; the thousand years answering to the hundred years which are reckoned as the life of man. If, for example, there were any who had committed murders, or had betrayed or enslaved cities or armies, or been guilty of any other evil behaviour, for each and all of these they received punishment ten times over, and the rewards of beneficence and justice and holiness were in the same proportion. Not to repeat what he had to say concerning young children dying almost as soon as they were born; of piety and impiety to gods and parents, and of murderers, there were retributions yet greater which he narrated. He mentioned that he was present when one of the spirits asked another, “Where is Ardiaeus the Great?” (Now this Ardiaeus was the tyrant of some city of Pamphylia, who had murdered his aged father and his elder brother, and had committed many other abominable crimes, and he lived a thousand years before the time of Er.) The answer was: “He comes not hither, and will never come.” And, “indeed,” he said, “this was one of the terrible sights which was witnessed by us. For we were approaching the mouth of the cave, and, having seen all, were about to re-ascend, when of a sudden Ardiaeus appeared and several others, most of whom were tyrants; and there were also besides the tyrants private individuals who had been great criminals; they were just at the mouth, being, as they



The Raising of Lazarus.

Duccio, Collection John D. Rockefeller, Jnr.

Then Jesus six days before the passover came to Bethany, where Lazarus was which had been dead, whom he raised from the dead. John xii. 1.

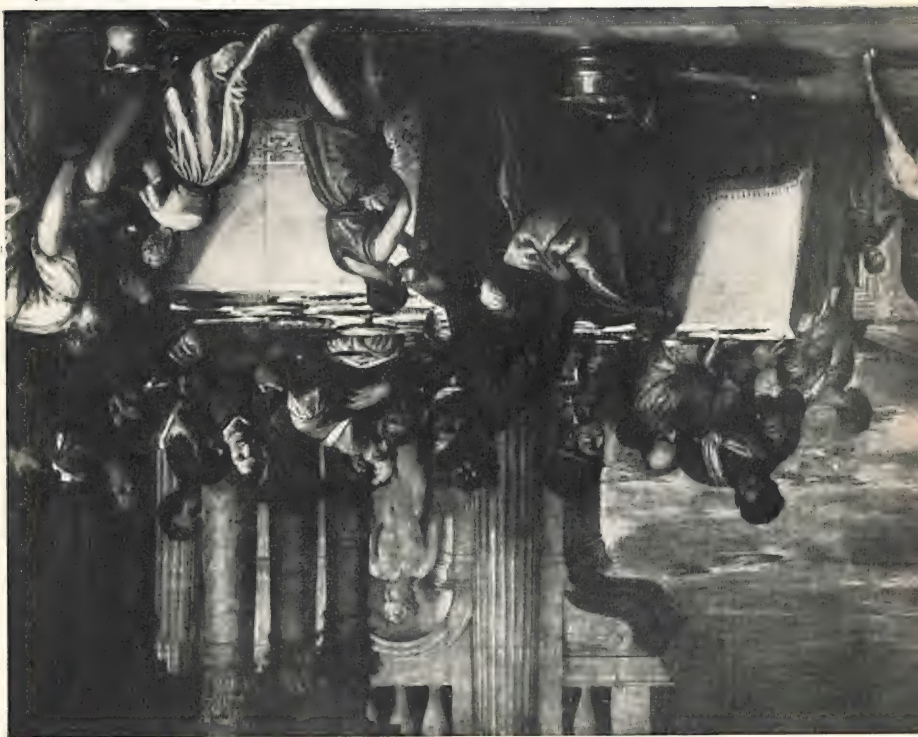


*The Supper in the House of Simon.
Mary Magdalene anoints the feet of Christ.*

*Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and
anointed the feet of Jesus.*

John xii. 3.

Paolo Veronese, Brera, Milan.





The Entry into Jerusalem.

Rubens, Dijon Museum.

On the next day much people that were come to the feast, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, Took branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna: Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord.

John xii. 12-13.

The Myth of Er

fancied, about to return into the upper world, but the opening, instead of receiving them, gave a roar, as was the case when any incurable or unpunished sinner tried to ascend; and then wild men of fiery aspect, who knew the meaning of the sound, came up and seized and carried off several of them, and Ardiaeus and others they bound head and foot and hand, and threw them down and flayed them with scourges, and dragged them along the road at the side, carding them on thorns like wool, and declaring to the pilgrims as they passed what were their crimes, and that they were being taken away to be cast into hell. And of all the terrors of the place there was no terror like this of hearing the voice; and when there was silence they ascended with joy." These were the penalties and retributions, and there were blessings as great.

Now when the spirits that were in the meadow had tarried seven days, on the eighth they were obliged to proceed on their journey, and on the fourth day from that time they came to a place where they looked down from above upon a line of light, like a column extending right through the whole heaven and earth, in colour not unlike the rainbow, only brighter and purer; another day's journey brought them to the place, and there, in the midst of the light, they saw reaching from heaven the extremities of the chains of it: for this light is the belt of heaven, and holds together the circle of the universe, like the undergirders of a trireme. And from the extremities of the chains is extended the spindle of Necessity, on which all the revolutions turn. The shaft

The Myth of Er

and hook of this spindle are made of steel, and the whorl is made partly of steel and also partly of other materials. Now the whorl is in form like the whorl used on earth; and you are to suppose, as he described, that there is one large hollow whorl which is scooped out, and into this is fitted another lesser one, and another, and another, and four others, making eight in all, like boxes which fit into one another; their edges are turned upwards, and all together form one continuous whorl. This is pierced by the spindle, which is driven home through the centre of the eighth. The first and outermost whorl has the rim broadest, and the seven inner whorls narrow, in the following proportions—the sixth is next to the first in size, the fourth next to the sixth; then comes the eighth; the seventh is fifth, the fifth is sixth, the third is seventh, last and eighth comes the second. The largest [or fixed stars] is spangled, and the seventh [or sun] is brightest; the eighth or [moon] coloured by the reflected light of the seventh; the second and fifth, [Mercury] and Saturn are like one another, and of a yellower colour than the preceding; the third [Venus] has the whitest light; the fourth [Mars] is reddish; the sixth [Jupiter] is in whiteness second. Now the whole spindle has the same motion; but, as the whole revolves in one direction, the seven inner circles move slowly in the other, and of these the swiftest is the eighth; next in swiftness are the seventh, sixth, and fifth, which move together; third in swiftness appeared to them to move, in reversed orbit, the fourth; the third appeared fourth, and the second fifth. The

The Myth of Er

spindle turns on the knees of Necessity; and on the upper surface of each circle is a siren, who goes round with them, hymning a single sound and note. The eight together form one harmony; and round about, at equal intervals, there is another band, three in number, each sitting upon her throne: these are the Fates, daughters of Necessity, who are clothed in white raiment and have garlands upon their heads, Lachesis and Clotho and Atropos, who accompany with their voices the harmony of the sirens—Lachesis singing of the past, Clotho of the present, Atropos of the future; Clotho now and then assisting with a touch of her right hand the motion of the outer circle or whorl of the spindle, and Atropos with her left hand touching and guiding the inner ones, and Lachesis laying hold of either in turn, first with one hand and then with the other.

Now when the spirits arrived, their duty was to go to Lachesis; but first a prophet came and arranged them in order; then he took from the knees of Lachesis lots and samples of lives, and going up to a high place, spoke as follows: "Hear the word of Lachesis, the daughter of Necessity. Mortal souls, behold a new cycle of mortal life. Your genius will not choose you, but you will choose your genius; and let him who draws the first lot have the first choice of life, which shall be his destiny. Virtue is free, and as a man honours or dishonours her he will have more or less of her; the chooser is answerable—God is justified." When the Interpreter had thus spoken he cast the lots among them, and each one took up the lot which fell near him, all

The Myth of Er

but Er himself (he was not allowed), and each as he took his lot perceived the number which he had drawn. Then the Interpreter placed on the ground before them the samples of lives; and there were many more lives than the souls present, and there were all sorts of lives—of every animal and every condition of man. And there were tyrannies among them, some continuing while the tyrant lived, others which broke off in the middle and came to an end in poverty and exile and beggary; and there were lives of famous men, some who were famous for their form and beauty as well as for their strength and success in games, or, again, for their birth and the qualities of their ancestors; and some who were the reverse of famous for the opposite qualities; and of women likewise. There was not, however, any definite character among them, because the soul must of necessity choose another life, and become other. But there were many elements mingling with one another, and also with elements of wealth and poverty, and disease and health; and there were mean states also. And this, my dear Glaucon, is the great danger of man; and therefore the utmost care should be taken. Let each one of us leave every other kind of knowledge and seek and follow one thing only, if peradventure he may be able to learn and find who there is who can and will teach him to distinguish the life of good and evil, and to choose always and everywhere the better life as far as possible. He should consider the bearing of all these things which have been mentioned severally and collectively upon a virtuous life; he should know what the

The Myth of Er

effect of beauty is when compounded with poverty or wealth in a particular soul, and what are the good and evil consequences of noble and humble birth, of private and public station, of strength and weakness, of cleverness and dullness, and of all the natural and acquired gifts of the soul, and study the composition of them; then he will look at the nature of the soul, and from the consideration of all this he will determine which is the better and which is the worse life, and at last he will choose, giving the name of evil to the life which will make his soul more unjust, and good to the life which will make his soul more just; all else he will disregard. For this, as we have seen, is the best choice both for this life and after death. Such an iron sense of truth and right must a man take with him into the world below, that there too he may be undazzled by the desire of wealth or the other allurements of evil, lest, coming upon tyrannies and similar villainies, he do irremediable wrongs to others and suffer yet worse himself; but let him know how to choose the mean and avoid the extremes on either side, as far as in him lies, not only in this life but in all that which is to come. For this is the way of happiness.

And this was what the Interpreter said at the time, as the messenger from the other world reported him to have spoken: "Even for the last comer, if he chooses wisely and will live diligently, there is appointed a happy and not undesirable existence. Let not the first be careless in his choice, and let not the last despair." As he spoke these words he who had the first choice

The Myth of Er

drew near and at once chose the greatest tyranny; his mind, having been darkened by folly and sensuality, he did not well consider, and therefore did not see at first that he was fated, among other evils, to devour his own children. But, when he came to himself and saw what was in the lot, he began to beat his breast and lament over his choice, forgetting the proclamation of the Interpreter; for, instead of blaming himself as the author of his calamity, he accused chance and the gods, and everything rather than himself. Now he was one of those who came from heaven, and in a former life had dwelt in a well-ordered State, but his virtue was a matter of habit only, and he had no philosophy. And this was more often the fortune of those who came from heaven, because they had no experience of life; whereas, in general, the dwellers upon earth, who had seen and known trouble, were not in a hurry to choose. And owing to this inexperience of theirs, and also because the lot was a chance, many of the souls exchanged a good destiny for an evil or an evil for a good. For if a man had always from the first dedicated himself to sound philosophy, and had been moderately fortunate in the number of the lot, he might, as the messenger reported, be happy in this life, and also his passage to another life and return to this, instead of being rugged and underground, would be smooth and heavenly. Most curious, he said, was the spectacle of the election—sad and laughable and strange; the souls generally choosing according to their condition in a previous life. There he saw the soul that was once Orpheus choosing

The Myth of Er

the life of a swan out of enmity to the race of women, hating to be born of a woman because they had been his murderers; he saw also the soul of Thamyris choosing the life of a nightingale; birds, on the other hand, like the swan and other musicians choosing to be men. The soul which obtained the twentieth lot chose the life of a lion, and this was the soul of Ajax the son of Telamon, who would not be a man, remembering the injustice which was done him in the judgment of the arms. The next was Agamemnon, who took the life of an eagle, because, like Ajax, he hated human nature on account of his sufferings. About the middle was the lot of Atalanta; she, seeing the great fame of an athlete, was unable to resist the temptation; and after her there came the soul of Epeus the son of Panopeus passing into the nature of a woman cunning in the arts; and far away among the last who chose, the soul of the jester Thersites was putting on the form of a monkey. There came also the soul of Odysseus having yet to make a choice, and his lot happened to be the last of them all. Now the recollection of former toils had disenchanted him of ambition, and he went about for a considerable time in search of the life of a private man who had nothing to do; he had some difficulty in finding this, which was lying about and had been neglected by everybody else; and when he saw it, he said that he would have done the same had he been first instead of last, and that he was delighted at his choice. And not only did men pass into animals, but I must also mention that there were animals tame and wild who changed into one

The Myth of Er

another and into corresponding human natures, the good into the gentle and the evil into the savage, in all sorts of combinations. All the souls had now chosen their lives, and they went in the order of their choice to Lachesis, who sent with them the genius whom they had severally chosen, to be the guardian of their lives and the fulfiller of the choice; this genius led the soul first to Clotho, and drew them within the revolution of the spindle impelled by her hand, thus ratifying the destiny of each; and then, when they were fastened, carried them to Atropos, who spun the threads and made them irreversible; whence without turning round they passed beneath the throne of Necessity; and when they had all passed, they marched on in a scorching heat to the plain of Forgetfulness, which was a barren waste destitute of trees and verdure; and then towards evening they encamped by the river of Negligence, the water of which no vessel can hold; of this they were all obliged to drink a certain quantity, and those who were not saved by wisdom drank more than was necessary; and those who drank forgot all things. Now after they had gone to rest, about the middle of the night there was a thunderstorm and earthquake, and then in an instant they were driven all manner of ways like stars shooting to their birth. He himself was hindered from drinking the water. But in what manner or by what means he returned to the body he could not say; only, in the morning awaking suddenly, he saw himself lying on the pyre.

And thus, Glaucon, the tale has been saved and has not perished, and may be our salvation if we are obedient

The Myth of Er

to the word spoken; and we shall pass safely over the river of Forgetfulness and our soul will not be defiled. Wherefore my counsel is, that we hold fast to the heavenly way and follow after justice and virtue always, considering that the soul is immortal and able to endure every sort of good and every sort of evil. Thus shall we live dear to one another and to the gods, both while remaining here and when, like conquerors in the games who go round to gather gifts, we receive our reward. And it shall be well with us both in this life and in the pilgrimage of a thousand years which we have been reciting.

PLATO: *The Republic*.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES

SUCH is the nature of the other world; and when the dead arrive at the place to which the genius of each severally conveys them, first of all they have sentence passed upon them, as they have lived well and piously or not. And those who appear to have lived neither well nor ill, go to the river Acheron, and mount such conveyances as they can get, and are carried in them to the lake, and there they dwell and are purified of their evil deeds, and suffer the penalty of the wrongs which they have done to others, and are absolved, and receive the reward of their good deeds according to their deserts. But those who appear to be incurable by reason of the greatness of their crimes—who have committed many and terrible deeds of sacrilege, murders foul and violent, or the like—such are hurled into Tartarus which is their suitable destiny, and they never come out. Those again who have committed crimes which, although great, are not unpardonable—who in a moment of anger, for example, have done violence to a father or a mother, and have repented for the remainder of their lives, or who have taken the life of another under the like extenuating circumstances—these are plunged into Tartarus, the pains of which they are compelled to undergo for a year, but at the end of the year the wave casts them forth—mere

The Death of Socrates

homicides by way of Cocytus, parricides and matricides by Pyriphlegethon—and they are borne to the Acherusian lake, and there they lift up their voices and call upon the victims whom they have slain or wronged, to have pity on them, and to receive them and to let them come out of the river into the lake. And if they prevail, then they come forth and cease from their troubles; but if not, they are carried back again into Tartarus and from thence into the rivers unceasingly, until they obtain mercy from those whom they have wronged: for that is the sentence inflicted upon them by their judges. Those also who are remarkable for having led holy lives are released from this earthly prison, and go to their pure home which is above, and dwell in the purer earth; and those who have duly purified themselves with philosophy live henceforth altogether without the body, in mansions fairer far than these, which may not be described, and of which the time would fail me to tell.

Wherefore, Simmias, seeing all these things, what ought not we to do in order to obtain virtue and wisdom in this life? Fair is the prize, and the hope great!

I do not mean to affirm that the description which I have given of the soul and her mansions is exactly true—a man of sense ought hardly to say that. But I do say that, inasmuch as the soul is shown to be immortal, he may venture to think, not improperly or unworthily, that something of the kind is true. The venture is a glorious one, and he ought to comfort himself with words like these, which is the reason why I lengthen out the tale. Wherefore, I say, let a man be of good cheer about his

The Death of Socrates

soul, who has cast away the pleasures and ornaments of the body as alien to him, and rather hurtful in their effects, and has followed after the pleasures of knowledge in this life; who has adorned the soul in her own proper jewels, which are temperance, and justice, and courage, and nobility, and truth—in these arrayed she is ready to go on her journey to the world below, when her time comes. You, Simmias, and Cebes, and all other men, will depart at some time or other. Me already, as the tragic poet would say, the voice of fate calls. Soon must I drink the poison; and I think that I had better repair to the bath first, in order that the women may not have the trouble of washing my body after I am dead.

When he had done speaking, Crito said: And have you any commands for us, Socrates—anything to say about your children, or any other matter in which we can serve you?

Nothing particular, he said: only as I have always told you, I would have you look to yourselves; that is a service which you may always be doing to me and mine as well as to yourselves. And you need not make profession; for if you take no thought for yourselves, and walk not according to the precepts which I have given you, not now for the first time, the warmth of your professions will be of no avail.

We will do our best, said Crito. But in what way would you have us bury you?

In any way that you like; only you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not walk away from you.

The Death of Socrates

Then he turned to us, and added with a smile:—I cannot make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who have been talking and conducting the argument; he fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see, a dead body—and he asks us How shall he bury me? And though I have spoken many words in the endeavour to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed—these words of mine, with which I comforted you and myself, have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I want you to be surety for me now, as he was surety for me at the trial: but let the promise be of another sort; for he was my surety to the judges that I would remain, but you must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not be grieved when he sees my body being burned and buried. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, Thus we lay out Socrates, or, Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him; for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that as is usual and as you think best.

When he had spoken these words he arose and went into the bath-chamber, with Crito, who bid us wait; and we waited talking and thinking of our sorrow; he was like a father of whom we were being bereaved, and we were about to pass the rest of our lives as orphans. When he had taken the bath his children were

The Death of Socrates

brought to him—he had two young sons and an elder one); and the women of his family also came, and he talked to them and gave them a few directions in the presence of Crito; and he then dismissed them and returned to us.

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out, he sat down again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailor, who was the servant of the eleven, entered and stood by him saying:—To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me, when in obedience to the authorities I bid them drink the poison—indeed, I am sure that you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be; you know my errand. Then bursting into tears he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said:—Since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good as could be to me. But we must do as he says, Crito; let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared: if not let the attendant prepare some.

Yet, said Crito, the sun is still upon the hill-tops, and many a one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement has been made, he has eaten and drunk, and indulged in sensual delights; do not hasten then, there is still time.

The Death of Socrates

Socrates said: Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing this, for they think they will gain by the delay; but I am right in not doing thus, for I do not think I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should be sparing and saving a life which is already gone; I could only laugh at myself for this. Please then do as I say, and not to refuse me.

Crito when he heard this made a sign to the servant; and the servant went in, and remained for some time, and then returned with the jailor carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said: You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed. The man answered: You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act. At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of colour of feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, Echestrates, as his manner was, took the cup and said: What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not? The man answered: We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough. I understand, he said, yet I must pray to the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world—may this then, which is my prayer, be granted to me. Then holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear,

The Death of Socrates

and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself for certainly I was not weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a companion. Nor was I the first, for Crito when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed; and at that moment Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out into a loud cry which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness: What is this strange outcry? he said. I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience. When we heard that, we were ashamed and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot hard, and asked him if he could feel; and he said, No; and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said: When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end. He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said (they were his last words)—he said: Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt? The debt shall be paid, said Crito; is there anything else? There was no answer to this question; but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the



Christ Washing Peter's Feet.



Ford Madox Brown, The National Gallery, London.

The Death of Socrates

attendant uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth. Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, and justest, and best of all men whom I have ever known.

PLATO: *The Phaedo*.

FIRST AND LAST

HEARKEN unto me, O Jacob and Israel, my called: I am he; I am the first, I also am the last. Mine hand hath laid the foundation of the earth, and my right hand hath spanned the heavens: when I call unto them, they stand up together. All ye, assemble yourselves, and hear; which among them hath declared these things? The Lord hath loved him: he will do his pleasure on Babylon, and his arm shall be on the Chaldeans. I, even I, have spoken; yea, I have called him: I have brought him, and he shall make his way prosperous.

Come ye near unto me, hear ye this; I have not spoken in secret from the beginning; from the time that it was, there am I: and now the Lord God and his spirit, hath sent me. Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel; I am the Lord thy God, which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go. Oh that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea: thy seed also had been as the sand, and the offspring of thy bowels like the grains thereof; his name should not have been cut off nor destroyed from before me.

Isaiah xlviii. 12-19.

THESE DEAD MEN SHALL LIVE

THE HAND of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones, and caused me to pass by them round about: and, behold, there were very many in the open valley; and, lo, they were very dry.

And he said unto me, Son of Man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest. Again he said unto me, Prophesy upon these bones, and say unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord.

Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones; Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live: And I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live; and ye shall know that I am the Lord. So I prophesied as I was commanded: and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone.

And when I beheld, lo, the sinews and the flesh came up upon them, and the skin covered them above: but there was no breath in them.

Then said he unto me, Prophesy unto the wind, prophesy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith

These dead men shall Live

the Lord God; Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live.

So I prophesied as he commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.

Ezekiel xxxvii. 1-10.

UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN

MUSES of Sicily, a loftier song
Wake we! Some tire of shrubs and myrtles
low.
Are woods our theme? Then princely be
the woods.

Come are those last days that the Sybil sang:
The ages' mighty march begins anew.
Now comes the virgin, Saturn reigns again:
Now from high heaven descends a wondrous race.
Thou on the newborn babe—who first shall end
That age of iron, bid a golden dawn
Upon the broad world—chaste Lucina, smile:
Now thy Apollo reigns. And, Pollio, thou
Shalt be our Prince, when he that grander age
Opens, and onward roll the mighty moons:
Thou, trampling out what prints our crimes have left
Shalt free the nations from perpetual fear.
While he to bliss shall waken; with the Blest
See the Brave mingling, and be seen of them,
Ruling that world o'er which his father's arm shod
peace.—
The floating pines exchange their merchandise.
Vines shall not need the pruning-hook nor earth
The harrow: ploughmen shall unyoke their steers.

Unto Us a Child is Born

Nor then need wool be taught to counterfeit
This hue and that. At will the meadow ram
Shall change to saffron, or the gorgeous tints
Of Tyre, his fair fleece; and the grazing lamb
At will put crimson on.

So grand an age
Did those three Sisters bid their spindles spin;
Three, telling with one voice the changeless will of Fate.

Oh draw—the time is all but present—near
To thy great glory, cherished child of heaven,
Jove's mighty progeny! And lo! the world,
The round and ponderous world, bows down to thee;
The earth, the ocean-tracts, the depths of heaven.
Lo! nature revels in the coming age.

Oh! may the evening of my days last on,
May breath be mine, till I have told thy deeds!
Not Orpheus then, not Linus, shall outsing
Me: though each vaunts his mother or his sire,
Calliopea this, Apollo that.

Let Pan strive with me, Arcady his judge;
Pan, Arcady his judge, shall yield the palm.
Learn, tiny babe, to read a mother's smile;
Already ten long months have wearied her.
Learn tiny babe. Him, who ne'er knew such smiles,
Nor god nor goddess bids to board or bed.

VIRGIL: *Eclogue IV.*¹

¹ For some fourteen centuries this Eclogue of Virgil was taken as referring prophetically to the birth of Christ, hence, among other things, the place assigned to Virgil as his guide through the Inferno and the Purgatorio by Dante. See Canto xxii of the Purgatorio where, when asked by Virgil what had made him a Christian, Statius replies:

Unto Us a Child is Born

By thee conducted first,
I entered the Parnassian grots, and quaff'd
Of the clear spring: illumined by thee first
Open'd mine eyes to God. Thou didst as one
Who journeying through the darkness, bears a light
Behind, that profits not himself, but makes
His followers wise, when thou exclaimed'st, "Lo
A renovated world, Justice return'd,
Times of primeval innocence restored,
And a new race descended from above."

CARY.

Some modern scholars, including the late Sir William Ramsay, have no doubt that through some Jewish source Virgil had been made familiar with the prophecy of Isaiah.

THE DREAM OF SCIPIO

AFTER a banquet of royal magnificence our conversation was continued late into the night. The old king spoke of nothing but of Scipio Africanus, for he retained in his memory not only all that he had done, but even what he had said. When then we retired to rest, worn out with the journey and the so late prolonged watch, a more than usually deep sleep overtook me. Then, owing, I suppose, to the subject of our talk (for it is often the case that our thoughts and conversations give birth in sleep to something like that of which Ennius tells us in reference to Homer, of whom evidently he was given to think and speak frequently), Africanus appeared to me with features which I recognised rather from the busts¹ I had seen than from any personal acquaintance. Hardly had I recognised him than I trembled; but he: "Attend to me, Scipio," said he, "banish fear and engrave my words upon your memory. Seest thou that city, which, compelled by me to obey the Roman people, renews past wars, and cannot remain at peace" (and at the same moment, from a lofty site, filled with stars and ablaze with light, he showed me Carthage) "which you have come to attack while scarcely yet a soldier? Within two years you as Consul will overthrow it, and you will have gained for

¹ A reference to the busts of ancestors in the "atrium" or entrance hall.

The Dream of Scipio

yourself that cognomen which hitherto you have held hereditary from me. When you shall have overthrown Carthage and have triumphed, and been Censor, and visited as Legate Egypt, Syria, Asia, Greece, you will be elected Consul again in your absence, you will bring to an end the greatest of wars, and will raze Numantia. But when you shall have entered the Capitol in your chariot you will find the republic disturbed by the counsels of my grandson.

“Then you, Africanus, must let shine for your country the light of your courage, your genius, your wisdom. But in that epoch I see the course of the controlling fates but doubtfully. For when your life shall have passed through eight times seven revolutions of the sun, and when those two numbers which, one and the other, for different causes are held to be perfect, shall have completed for you the fatal sum, to you alone, to your name, the whole State will turn: to you will look the Senate, all the best citizens, the allies, the Latins. You alone will be the man on whom depends the safety of the country; and, to say no more, it will be your task to reconstitute the republic as dictator, if you escape the impious hands of your neighbours.” At the cry of terror to which then Laelius gave utterance, and the loud groan of the others, Scipio gently smiling said: “I pray you wake me not from sleep but be silent and hearken to what remains to say. But that you may be, Africanus, the more eager to preserve the republic, understand that for all who have saved their country, or come to its aid, or enlarged its territory, a sure and certain place in heaven is decreed

The Dream of Scipio

beforehand, where they will of necessity enjoy an eternity of happiness, for nothing done on earth is more pleasing to the supreme God who rules the universe, than councils and assemblies of men under the law, to which we give the name of states; their rulers and preservers have come from hence and hither will return." At these words, despite the trouble which had seized me, less from fear of death than of treachery on the part of my neighbours, I asked if he himself and my father Paulus were still living as well as others who, to our eyes, no longer existed. "Nay rather it is these who live, who have escaped from the bondage of the body as from a prison; what is called your life is death. Nay, see yourself Paulus your father is coming towards you." Whom when I saw I shed a flood of tears; but he, embracing me and kissing me, forbade me to weep. And so soon as, repressing my tears, I began to speak: "I beseech you," said I, "father holiest and best, since this is life, as I hear Africanus declare, why do I tarry on earth, why not hasten hither to come to you?" "It is not so ordained," said he, "for only when God, whose domain all this is which you behold, has delivered you from the custody of the body, may you gain entrance here. For men are born subject to this law that they are to protect that globe which in this temple you see to occupy the centre, which is called the earth. Their soul is drawn from out those eternal fires which you call constellations and stars, and which, round and spherical substances, animated by divine spirits, run their circular course with a marvellous swiftness. Wherefore

The Dream of Scipio

by you Publius, and by all the pious, the soul must be retained in the guardianship of the body; nor, without his order by whom that has been given you, must you depart from human life, lest you seem to have deserted the task assigned to men by God. Nay rather, Scipio, as this your grandsire, as I who begat you, cultivate justice and piety which great as it is when shown to parents and relatives is greatest of all when it is towards our country. That life is the road which leads to heaven and to this assembly of those who have lived and now, released from the body, inhabit the spot which you behold,"¹ . . . and when he had thus spoken, "O Africanus," I said, "if indeed to those who have served their country an access to Heaven lies open, although from my youth I have trodden in the footsteps of my father and of yours,² and have not done dishonour to your glory, with such a prize before me I shall strive much more vigilantly." And he: "Do thou indeed strive and lay hold on this, that you are not mortal, but only this body; you are not what is shown in your outward form but each man's mind, that is the true self, not the form which may be pointed to with the finger. Know therefore that thou art divine: if indeed he is a God who lives and thrives, who feels, who remembers, who foresees, who so rules and guides and moves that body over which he presides,

¹ In the paragraphs which follow Scipio is shown the universe as described in Aristotle's *De Caelo* and, so transmitted through the Middle Ages, with the Earth as centre. He hears the music of the spheres, and has it explained, as in the *De Consolatione* of Boethius. His attention is drawn to the Earth, its smallness, to human life and its short duration making of little value glory among men. Africanus then continues as above.

² i.e., The Gracchi.

The Dream of Scipio

as the Highest God moves and guides the World. And as the eternal God moves the world, which is in part mortal, so does the eternal mind in us the fragile body. For whatever always moves is eternal. Whatever communicates movement and receives it from another source, must necessarily, when movement ceases, cease to live. Only that which moves of itself, seeing it is never deserted of itself, never can cease to be moved. Nay, for other things that are moved this is the fountain-head, this is the beginning of movement. But for the Beginning there is no source, for from the beginning all things take their rise, itself from nothing; for that were no beginning which was born of another. But what has no beginning can have no end. For a beginning once extinct can neither be born again from elsewhere nor of itself create another, if indeed all things must derive from a beginning. Thus it comes about that the beginning of movement arises from the fact of self-movement. It can therefore have neither beginning nor end; otherwise the whole heaven would fall, all nature come to a stand, nor could it acquire any power seeing it is from the first impulse that it receives motion. Seeing therefore that what is moved of itself is eternal, who can deny that such a power has been bestowed on our minds? For inanimate is everything that is moved by an impulse from without; but whatever is animal is moved by an impulse inner and its own, for this is the proper nature and function of mind. If this alone among all things moves itself, it can of a certainty not have been born but must be eternal. This mind do thou employ on the

The Dream of Scipio

best things; but the best are the cares for one's country, its safety. The mind busied with, engaged on, these things will fly the quicker to this its abode and home. And it will do so more rapidly if even now, when enclosed in the body, it go out from itself, and contemplating those things which are without it withdraw itself as far as may be from the body. For the minds of those who have given themselves up to the pleasures of the senses, who have made themselves the slaves of these, and, on the impulse of lusts that minister to pleasure, have violated the laws of Gods and men, when they have escaped from the body are borne round and round the earth, and return not to this place till they have been tormented for many centuries." He disappeared; and I awoke from sleep.

CICERO: *De Republica*, VI.

PRAYER FOR THE DEAD

AND WHEN he (Judas Maccabeus) had made a gathering throughout the company to the sum of two thousand drachmas of silver, he sent it to Jerusalem to offer a sin offering, doing therein very well and honestly, in that he was mindful of the resurrection: for if he had not hoped that they that were slain should have risen again, it had been superfluous and vain to pray for the dead. And also in that he perceived that there was great favour laid up for those that died godly, it was an holy and good thought. Whereupon he made a reconciliation for the dead, that they might be delivered from sin.

The Second Book of Maccabees, xii, 43-45.

THEY ARE IN PEACE

FOR THE ungodly said, reasoning with themselves, but not aright, Our life is short and tedious, and in the death of a man there is no remedy: neither was there any man known to have returned from the grave. For we are born at all adventure: and we shall be hereafter as though we had never been: for the breath in our nostrils is as smoke, and a little spark in the moving of our heart: Which being extinguished, our body shall be turned into ashes, and our spirit shall vanish as the soft air, and our name shall be forgotten in time, and no man shall have our works in remembrance, and our life shall pass away as the trace of a cloud, and shall be dispersed as a mist, that is driven away with the beams of the sun, and overcome with the heat thereof. For our time is a very shadow that passeth away; and after our end there is no returning: for it is fast sealed, so that no man cometh again. Come on therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are present: and let us speedily use the creatures like as in youth. Let us fill ourselves with costly wine and ointments: and let no flower of the spring pass us by. . . . Let us oppress the poor righteous man, let us not spare the widow, nor reverence the ancient gray hairs of the aged. Let our strength be the law of justice: for that which is feeble is found to be nothing worth.

They are in Peace

. . . Such things did they imagine, and were deceived: for their own wickedness hath blinded them. As for the mysteries of God, they knew them not: neither hoped they for the wages of righteousness, nor discerned a reward for blameless souls. For God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of his own eternity. Nevertheless through envy of the devil came death into the world: and they that do hold of his side do find it.

But the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die: and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction: but they are in peace. For though they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality.

Wisdom of Solomon: ii. 1-7; 10-11; 21-24; and iii, 1-4.



Christ Cleansing the Temple.

El Greco, The National Gallery, London.

And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it. . . . And he went into the temple, and began to cast out them that sold therein, and them that bought; Saying unto them, It is written, My house is the house of prayer: but ye have made it a den of thieves.

Luke xix. 41, 45-46.





*The Institution of
the Eucharist.*

*Fra Angelico,
San Marco, Florence.*

*Now when the even was
come, he sat down with
the twelve. . . . And as they
were eating, Jesus took
bread, and blessed it,
and brake it, and gave
it to the disciples, and
said, Take, eat; this is
my body. And he took
the cup, and gave thanks,
and gave it to them,
saying, Drink ye all of
it.*

*Matthew xxvi. 20,
26-27.*



The Last Supper.

Titian, State Gallery, Urbino.

This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

John xv. 12-14.

THE STORY OF THE PASSION AND THE RESURRECTION—I

AND HE spake a parable unto them to this end,
that men ought always to pray, and not to
faint;

Saying, There was in a city a judge, which
feared not God, neither regarded man:

And there was a widow in that city; and she came
unto him, saying, Avenge me of mine adversary.

And he would not for a while: but afterward he said
within himself, Though I fear not God, nor regard man;

Yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge
her, lest by her continual coming she weary me.

And the Lord said, Hear what the unjust judge saith.

And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry
day and night unto him, though he bear long with
them?

I tell you that he will avenge them speedily. Never-
theless when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith
on the earth?

And he spake this parable unto certain which trusted
in themselves that they were righteous, and despised
others:

Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one
a Pharisee, and the other a publican.

The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself,

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican.

I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.

And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.

I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

And they brought unto him also infants, that he would touch them: but when his disciples saw it, they rebuked them.

But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.

Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein.

And a certain ruler asked him, saying, Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

And Jesus said unto him, Why callest thou me good? none is good, save one, that is, God.

Thou knowest the commandments, Do not commit adultery, Do not kill, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Honour thy father and thy mother.

And he said, All these have I kept from my youth up.

Now when Jesus heard these things, he said unto him, Yet lackest thou one thing: sell all that thou hast, and

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me.

And when he heard this, he was very sorrowful: for he was very rich.

And when Jesus saw that he was very sorrowful, he said, How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!

For it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

And they that heard it said, Who then can be saved?

And he said, The things which are impossible with men are possible with God.

Then Peter said, Lo, we have left all, and followed thee.

And he said unto them, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake,

Who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting.

Then he took unto him the twelve, and said unto them, Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and all things that are written by the prophets concerning the Son of man shall be accomplished.

For he shall be delivered unto the Gentiles, and shall be mocked, and spitefully entreated, and spitted on:

And they shall scourge him, and put him to death: and the third day he shall rise again.

And they understood none of these things: and this saying was hid from them, neither knew they the things which were spoken.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

And it came to pass, that as he was come nigh unto Jericho, a certain blind man sat by the way side begging:

And hearing the multitude pass by, he asked what it meant.

And they told him, that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

And he cried, saying, Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.

And they which went before rebuked him, that he should hold his peace: but he cried so much the more, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.

And Jesus stood, and commanded him to be brought unto him: and when he was come near, he asked him,

Saying, What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee? And he said, Lord, that I may receive my sight.

And Jesus said unto him, Receive thy sight: thy faith hath saved thee.

And immediately he received his sight, and followed him, glorifying God: and all the people, when they saw it, gave praise unto God.

And Jesus entered and passed through Jericho.

And, behold, there was a man named Zacchæus, which was the chief among the publicans, and he was rich.

And he sought to see Jesus who he was; and could not for the press, because he was little of stature.

And he ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see him: for he was to pass that way.

And when Jesus came to the place, he looked up, and saw him, and said unto him, Zacchæus, make haste, and come down; for today I must abide at thy house.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

And he made haste, and came down, and received him joyfully.

And when they saw it, they all murmured, saying, That he was gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner.

And Zacchæus stood, and said unto the Lord; Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken any thing from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.

And Jesus said unto him, This day is salvation come to this house, forsomuch as he also is a son of Abraham.

For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.

And as they heard these things, he added and spake a parable, because he was nigh to Jerusalem, and because they thought that the kingdom of God should immediately appear.

He said therefore, A certain nobleman went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom, and to return.

And he called his ten servants, and delivered them ten pounds, and said unto them, Occupy till I come.

But his citizens hated him, and sent a message after him, saying, We will not have this man to reign over us.

And it came to pass, that when he was returned, having received the kingdom, then he commanded these servants to be called unto him, to whom he had given the money, that he might know how much every man had gained by trading.

Then came the first, saying, Lord, thy pound hath gained ten pounds.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

And he said unto him, Well, thou good servant: because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities.

And the second came, saying, Lord, thy pound hath gained five pounds.

And he said likewise to him, Be thou also over five cities.

And another came, saying, Lord, behold, here is thy pound, which I have kept laid up in a napkin:

For I feared thee, because thou art an austere man: thou takest up that thou layedst not down, and reapest that thou didst not sow.

And he saith unto him, Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant. Thou knewest that I was an austere man, taking up that I laid not down, and reaping that I did not sow:

Wherefore then gavest not thou my money into the bank, that at my coming I might have required mine own with usury?

And he said unto them that stood by, Take from him the pound, and give it to him that hath ten pounds.

(And they said unto him, Lord, he hath ten pounds.)

For I say unto you, That unto every one which hath shall be given; and from him that hath not, even that he hath shall be taken away from him.

But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me.

And when he had thus spoken, he went before, ascending up to Jerusalem.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

And it came to pass, when he was come nigh to Bethphage and Bethany, at the mount called the mount of Olives, he sent two of his disciples,

Saying, Go ye into the village over against you; in the which at your entering ye shall find a colt tied, whereon yet never man sat: loose him, and bring him hither.

And if any man ask you, Why do ye loose him? thus shall ye say unto him, Because the Lord hath need of him.

And they that were sent went their way, and found even as he had said unto them.

And as they were loosing the colt, the owners thereof said unto them, Why loose ye the colt?

And they said, The Lord hath need of him.

And they brought him to Jesus: and they cast their garments upon the colt, and they set Jesus thereon.

And as he went, they spread their clothes in the way.

And when he was come nigh, even now at the descent of the mount of Olives, the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works that they had seen;

Saying, Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord: peace in heaven, and glory in the highest.

And some of the Pharisees from among the multitude said unto him, Master, rebuke thy disciples.

And he answered and said unto them, I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.

And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it,

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

Saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.

For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side,

And shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation.

And he went into the temple, and began to cast out them that sold therein, and them that bought;

Saying unto them, It is written, My house is the house of prayer: but ye have made it a den of thieves.

And he taught daily in the temple. But the chief priests and the scribes and the chief of the people sought to destroy him,

And could not find what they might do: for all the people were very attentive to hear him.

And it came to pass, that on one of those days, as he taught the people in the temple, and preached the gospel, the chief priests and the scribes came upon him with the elders,

And spake unto him, saying, Tell us, by what authority doest thou these things? or who is he that gave thee this authority?

And he answered and said unto them, I will also ask you one thing; and answer me:

The baptism of John, was it from heaven, or of men?

And they reasoned with themselves, saying, If we shall

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

say, From heaven; he will say, Why then believed ye him not?

But and if we say, Of men; all the people will stone us: for they be persuaded that John was a prophet.

And they answered, that they could not tell whence it was.

And Jesus said unto them, Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things.

Then began he to speak to the people this parable; A certain man planted a vineyard, and let it forth to husbandmen, and went into a far country for a long time.

And at the season he sent a servant to the husbandmen, that they should give him of the fruit of the vineyard: but the husbandmen beat him, and sent him away empty.

And again he sent another servant: and they beat him also, and entreated him shamefully, and sent him away empty.

And again he sent a third: and they wounded him also, and cast him out.

Then said the lord of the vineyard, What shall I do? I will send my beloved son: it may be they will reverence him when they see him.

But when the husbandmen saw him, they reasoned among themselves, saying, this is the heir: come, let us kill him, that the inheritance may be ours.

So they cast him out of the vineyard, and killed him. What therefore shall the lord of the vineyard do unto them?

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

He shall come and destroy these husbandmen, and shall give the vineyard to others. And when they heard it, they said, God forbid.

And he beheld them, and said, What is this then that is written, The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner?

Whosoever shall fall upon that stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder.

And the chief priests and the scribes the same hour sought to lay hands on him; and they feared the people: for they perceived that he had spoken this parable against them.

And they watched him, and sent forth spies, which should feign themselves just men, that they might take hold of his words, that so they might deliver him unto the power and authority of the governor.

And they asked him, saying, Master, we know that thou sayest and teachest rightly, neither acceptest thou the person of any, but teachest the way of God truly:

Is it lawful for us to give tribute unto Caesar, or no?

But he perceived their craftiness, and said unto them, Why tempt ye me?

Shew me a penny. Whose image and superscription hath it? They answered and said, Caesar's.

And he said unto them, Render therefore unto Caesar the things which be Caesar's, and unto God the things which be God's.

And they could not take hold of his words before the

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

people: and they marvelled at his answer, and held their peace.

Then came to him certain of the Sadducees, which deny that there is any resurrection: and they asked him,

Saying, Master, Moses wrote unto us, If any man's brother die, having a wife, and he die without children, that his brother should take his wife, and raise up seed unto his brother.

There were therefore seven brethren: and the first took a wife, and died without children.

And the second took her to wife, and he died childless.

And the third took her; and in like manner the seven also: and they left no children, and died.

Last of all the woman died also.

Therefore in the resurrection whose wife of them is she? for seven had her to wife.

And Jesus answering said unto them, The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage:

But they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage:

Neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.

Now that the dead are raised, even Moses shewed at the bush, when he calleth the Lord the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob.

For he is not a God of the dead, but of the living: for all live unto him.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

Then certain of the scribes answering said, Master, thou hast well said.

And after that they durst not ask him any question at all.

And he said unto them, How say they that Christ is David's son?

And David himself saith in the book of Psalms, The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand, Till I make thine enemies thy footstool.

David therefore called him Lord, how is he then his son?

Then in the audience of all the people he said unto his disciples,

Beware of the scribes, which desire to walk in long robes, and love greetings in the markets, and the highest seats in the synagogues, and the chief rooms at feasts;

Which devour widows' houses, and for a shew make long prayers: the same shall receive greater damnation.

And he looked up, and saw the rich men casting their gifts into the treasury.

And he saw also a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites.

And he said, Of a truth I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all:

For all these have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings of God: but she of her penury hath cast in all the living that she had.

And as some spake of the temple, how it was adorned with goodly stones and gifts, he said,

As for these things which ye behold, the days will

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

come, in the which there shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down.

And they asked him, saying, Master, but when shall these things be? and what sign will there be when these things shall come to pass?

And he said, Take heed that ye be not deceived: for many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ; and the time draweth near: go ye not therefore after them.

But when ye shall hear of wars and commotions, be not terrified: for these things must first come to pass; but the end is not by and by.

Then said he unto them, Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom:

And great earthquakes shall be in divers places, and famines, and pestilences; and fearful sights and great signs shall there be from heaven.

But before all these, they shall lay their hands on you, and persecute you, delivering you up to the synagogues, and into prisons, being brought before kings and rulers for my name's sake.

And it shall turn to you for a testimony.

Settle it therefore in your hearts, not to meditate before what ye shall answer:

For I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist.

And ye shall be betrayed both by parents, and brethren, and kinsfolks, and friends; and some of you shall they cause to be put to death.

And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake.

But there shall not an hair of your head perish.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

In your patience possess ye your souls.

And when ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh.

Then let them which are in Judæa flee to the mountains; and let them which are in the midst of it depart out; and let not them that are in the countries enter thereinto.

For these be the days of vengeance, that all things which are written may be fulfilled.

But woe unto them that are with child, and to them that give suck, in those days! for there shall be great distress in the land, and wrath upon this people.

And they shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led away captive into all nations: and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled.

And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring;

Men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken.

And then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory.

And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.

And he spake to them a parable; Behold the fig tree, and all the trees;

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

When they now shoot forth, ye see and know of your own selves that summer is now nigh at hand.

So likewise ye, when ye see these things come to pass, know ye that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand.

Verily I say unto you, This generation shall not pass away, till all be fulfilled.

Heaven and earth shall pass away: but my words shall not pass away.

And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares.

For as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth.

Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man.

And in the day time he was teaching in the temple; and at night he went out, and abode in the mount that is called the mount of Olives.

And all the people came early in the morning to him in the temple, for to hear him.

Now the feast of unleavened bread drew nigh, which is called the Passover.

And the chief priests and scribes sought how they might kill him; for they feared the people.

Then entered Satan into Judas surnamed Iscariot, being of the number of the twelve.

And he went his way, and communed with the chief priests and captains, how he might betray him unto them.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

And they were glad, and covenanted to give him money.

And he promised, and sought opportunity to betray him unto them in the absence of the multitude.

Then came the day of unleavened bread, when the passover must be killed.

And he sent Peter and John, saying, Go and prepare us the passover, that we may eat.

And they said unto him, Where wilt thou that we prepare?

And he said unto them, Behold, when ye are entered into the city, there shall a man meet you, bearing a pitcher of water; follow him into the house where he entereth in.

And ye shall say unto the goodman of the house, The Master saith unto thee, Where is the guest-chamber, where I shall eat the passover with my disciples?

And he shall shew you a large upper room furnished: there make ready.

And they went, and found as he had said unto them: and they made ready the passover.

And when the hour was come, he sat down, and the twelve apostles with him.

And he said unto them, With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer:

For I say unto you, I will not any more eat thereof, until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God.

And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and said, Take this, and divide it among yourselves:

For I say unto you, I will not drink of the fruit of the vine, until the kingdom of God shall come.



Christ before Pilate.

P. Lorenzetti, Vatican, Rome.

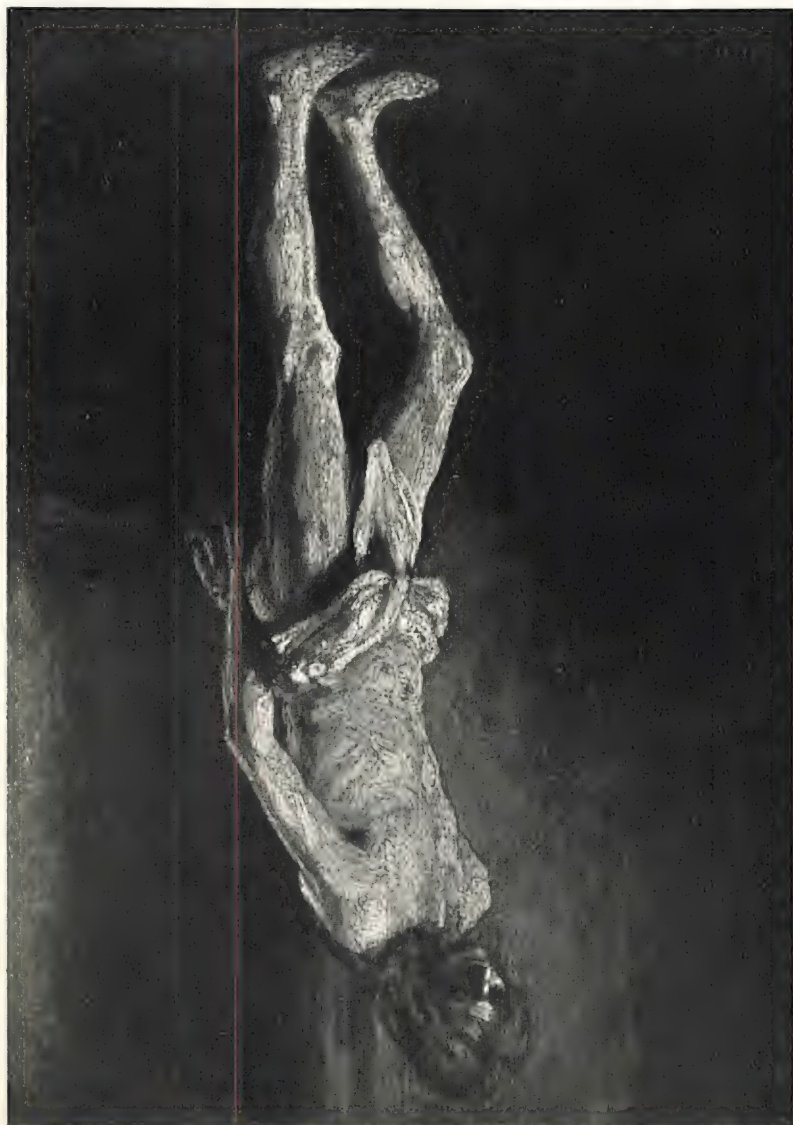
And the whole multitude of them arose, and led him unto Pilate.

Luke xxiii. 1.

Christ at the Column of Scourging.

Rembrandt, Cologne Museum.

Then Pilate therefore took Jesus, and scourged him.
John xix. 1.



The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

And he took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me.

Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you.

But, behold, the hand of him that betrayeth me is with me on the table.

And truly the Son of man goeth, as it was determined: but woe unto that man by whom he is betrayed!

And they began to inquire among themselves, which of them it was that should do this thing.

And there was also a strife among them, which of them should be accounted the greatest.

And he said unto them, The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and they that exercise authority upon them are called benefactors.

But ye shall not be so: but he that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve.

For whether is greater, he that sitteth at meat, or he that serveth? is not he that sitteth at meat? but I am among you as he that serveth.

Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations.

And I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me;

That ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, and sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel.

And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat:

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.

And he said unto him, Lord, I am ready to go with thee, both into prison, and to death.

And he said, I tell thee, Peter, the cock shall not crow this day, before that thou shalt thrice deny that thou knowest me.

And he said unto them, When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye any thing? And they said, Nothing.

Then said he unto them, But now, he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip: and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one.

For I say unto you, that this that is written must yet be accomplished in me, And he was reckoned among the transgressors: for the things concerning me have an end.

And they said, Lord, behold, here are two swords. And he said unto them, It is enough.

And he came out, and went, as he was wont, to the mount of Olives; and his disciples also followed him.

And when he was at the place, he said unto them, Pray that ye enter not into temptation.

And he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down, and prayed,

Saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done.

And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.

And when he rose up from prayer, and was come to his disciples, he found them sleeping for sorrow,

And said unto them, Why sleep ye? rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.

And while he yet spake, behold a multitude, and he that was called Judas, one of the twelve, went before them, and drew near unto Jesus to kiss him.

But Jesus said unto him, Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?

When they which were about him saw what would follow, they said unto him, Lord, shall we smite with the sword?

And one of them smote the servant of the high priest, and cut off his right ear.

And Jesus answered and said, Suffer ye thus far. And he touched his ear, and healed him.

Then Jesus said unto the chief priests, and captains of the temple, and the elders, which were come to him, Be ye come out, as against a thief, with swords and staves?

When I was daily with you in the temple, ye stretched forth no hands against me: but this is your hour, and the power of darkness.

Then took they him, and led him, and brought him into the high priests' house. And Peter followed afar off.

And when they had kindled a fire in the midst of the hall, and were set down together, Peter sat down among them.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

But a certain maid beheld him as he sat by the fire, and earnestly looked upon him, and said, This man was also with him.

And he denied him, saying, Woman, I know him not.

And after a little while another saw him, and said, Thou art also of them. And Peter said, Man, I am not.

And about the space of one hour after another confidently affirmed, saying, Of a truth this fellow also was with him: for he is a Galilæan.

And Peter said, Man, I know not what thou sayest. And immediately, while he yet spake, the cock crew.

And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how he had said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice.

And Peter went out, and wept bitterly.

And the men that held Jesus mocked him, and smote him.

And when they had blindfolded him, they struck him on the face, and asked him, saying, Prophesy, who is it that smote thee?

And many other things blasphemously spake they against him.

And as soon as it was day, the elders of the people and the chief priests and the scribes came together, and led him into their council, saying,

Art thou the Christ? tell us. And he said unto them, If I tell you, ye will not believe:

And if I also ask you, ye will not answer me, nor let me go.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

Hereafter shall the Son of man sit on the right hand of the power of God.

Then said they all, Art thou then the Son of God? And he said unto them, Ye say that I am.

And they said, What need we any further witness? for we ourselves have heard of his own mouth.

And the whole multitude of them arose, and led him unto Pilate.

And they began to accuse him, saying, We found this fellow perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Caesar, saying that he himself is Christ a King.

And Pilate asked him, saying, Art thou the King of the Jews? And he answered him and said, Thou sayest it.

Then said Pilate to the chief priests and to the people, I find no fault in this man.

And they were the more fierce, saying, He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place.

When Pilate heard of Galilee, he asked whether the man were a Galilæan.

And as soon as he knew that he belonged unto Herod's jurisdiction, he sent him to Herod, who himself also was at Jerusalem at that time.

And when Herod saw Jesus, he was exceeding glad: for he was desirous to see him of a long season, because he had heard many things of him; and he hoped to have seen some miracle done by him.

Then he questioned with him in many words; but he answered him nothing.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

And the chief priests and scribes stood and vehemently accused him.

And Herod with his men of war set him at nought, and mocked him, and arrayed him in a gorgeous robe, and sent him again to Pilate.

And the same day Pilate and Herod were made friends together: for before they were at enmity between themselves.

And Pilate, when he had called together the chief priests and the rulers and the people,

Said unto them, Ye have brought this man unto me, as one that perverteth the people: and, behold, I, having examined him before you, have found no fault in this man touching those things whereof ye accuse him:

No, nor yet Herod: for I sent you to him; and, lo, nothing worthy of death is done unto him.

I will therefore chastise him, and release him.

(For of necessity he must release one unto them at the feast.)

And they cried out all at once, saying, Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas;

(Who for a certain sedition made in the city, and for murder, was cast into prison.)

Pilate therefore, willing to release Jesus, spake again to them.

But they cried, saying, Crucify him, crucify him.

And he said unto them the third time, Why, what evil hath he done? I have found no cause of death in him: I will therefore chastise him, and let him go.

And they were instant with loud voices, requiring

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

that he might be crucified. And the voices of them and of the chief priests prevailed.

And Pilate gave sentence that it should be as they required.

And he released unto them him that for sedition and murder was cast into prison, whom they had desired; but he delivered Jesus to their will.

And as they led him away, they laid hold upon one Simon, a Cyrenian, coming out of the country, and on him they laid the cross, that he might bear it after Jesus.

And there followed him a great company of people, and of women, which also bewailed and lamented him.

But Jesus turning unto them said, Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children.

For, behold, the days are coming, in the which they shall say, Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bare, and the paps which never gave suck.

Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us.

For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?

And there were also two other, malefactors, led with him to be put to death.

And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left.

Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And they parted his raiment, and cast lots.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

And the people stood beholding. And the rulers also with them derided him, saying, He saved others; let him save himself, if he be Christ, the chosen of God.

And the soldiers also mocked him, coming to him, and offering him vinegar,

And saying, If thou be the king of the Jews, save thyself.

And a superscription also was written over him in letters of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, THIS IS THE KING OF THE JEWS.

And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself and us.

But the other answering rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?

And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss.

And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.

And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, Today shalt thou be with me in paradise.

And it was about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour.

And the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst.

And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said thus, he gave up the ghost.

Now when the centurion saw what was done, he glorified God, saying, Certainly this was a righteous man.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

And all the people that came together to that sight, beholding the things which were done, smote their breasts, and returned.

And all his acquaintance, and the women that followed him from Galilee, stood afar off, beholding these things.

And, behold, there was a man named Joseph, a counsellor; and he was a good man, and a just:

(The same had not consented to the counsel and deed of them;) he was of Arimathæa, a city of the Jews: who also himself waited for the kingdom of God.

This man went unto Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus.

And he took it down, and wrapped it in linen, and laid it in a sepulchre that was hewn in stone, wherein never man before was laid.

And that day was the preparation, and the sabbath drew on.

And the women also, which came with him from Galilee, followed after, and beheld the sepulchre, and how his body was laid.

And they returned, and prepared spices and ointments; and rested the sabbath day according to the commandment.

Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them.

And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus.

And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments:

And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead?

He is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee,

Saying, The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again.

And they remembered his words,

And returned from the sepulchre, and told all these things unto the eleven, and to all the rest.

It was Mary Magdalene, and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James, and other women that were with them, which told these things unto the apostles.

And their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not.

Then arose Peter, and ran unto the sepulchre; and stooping down, he beheld the linen clothes laid by themselves, and departed, wondering in himself at that which was come to pass.

And, behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about threescore furlongs.

And they talked together of all these things which had happened.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

And it came to pass, that, while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them.

But their eyes were holden that they should not know him.

And he said unto them, What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad?

And the one of them, whose name was Cleopas, answering said unto him, Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?

And he said unto them, What things? And they said unto him, Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people:

And how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him to be condemned to death, and have crucified him.

But we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel: and beside all this, today is the third day since these things were done.

Yea, and certain women also of our company made us astonished, which were early at the sepulchre;

And when they found not his body, they came, saying, that they had also seen a vision of angels, which said that he was alive.

And certain of them which were with us went to the sepulchre, and found it even so as the women had said: but him they saw not.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

Then he said unto them, O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken:

Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?

And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself.

And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they went: and he made as though he would have gone further.

But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them.

And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them.

And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight.

And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?

And they rose up the same hour, and returned to Jerusalem, and found the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them,

Saying, The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon.

And they told what things were done in the way, and how he was known of them in breaking of bread.

And as they thus spake, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.

But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

And he said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts?

Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have.

And when he had thus spoken, he shewed them his hands and his feet.

And while they yet believed not for joy, and wondered, he said unto them, Have ye here any meat?

And they gave him a piece of a broiled fish, and of an honeycomb.

And he took it, and did eat before them.

And he said unto them, These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms, concerning me.

Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the scriptures,

And said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day:

And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem.

And ye are witnesses of these things.

And, behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—I

And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them.

And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.

And they worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy:

And were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God. Amen.

Gospel of St. Luke xviii-xxiv.

THE STORY OF THE PASSION AND THE RESURRECTION—II

NOW A certain man was sick, named Lazarus, of Bethany, the town of Mary and her sister Martha.

(It was that Mary which anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair, whose brother Lazarus was sick.)

Therefore his sisters sent unto him, saying, Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick.

When Jesus heard that, he said, This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby.

Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus.

When he had heard therefore that he was sick, he abode two days still in the same place where he was.

Then after this saith he to his disciples, Let us go into Judæa again.

His disciples say unto him, Master, the Jews of late sought to stone thee; and goest thou thither again?

Jesus answered, Are there not twelve hours in the day? If any man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world.

But if a man walk in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

These things said he: and after that he saith unto them, Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep.

Then said his disciples, Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well.

Howbeit Jesus spake of his death: but they thought that he had spoken of taking of rest in sleep.

Then said Jesus unto them plainly, Lazarus is dead.

And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe; nevertheless let us go unto him.

Then said Thomas, which is called Didymus, unto his fellow-disciples, Let us also go, that we may die with him.

Then when Jesus came, he found that he had lain in the grave four days already.

Now Bethany was nigh unto Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs off:

And many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary, to comfort them concerning their brother.

Then Martha, as soon as she heard that Jesus was coming, went and met him: but Mary sat still in the house.

Then said Martha unto Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.

But I know, that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee.

Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again.

Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.



The Agony in the Garden.



Giovanni Bellini, The National Gallery, London.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live:

And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?

She saith unto him, Yea, Lord: I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world.

And when she had so said, she went her way, and called Mary her sister secretly, saying, The Master is come, and calleth for thee.

As soon as she heard that, she arose quickly, and came unto him.

Now Jesus was not yet come into the town, but was in that place where Martha met him.

The Jews then which were with her in the house, and comforted her, when they saw Mary, that she rose up hastily and went out, followed her, saying, She goeth unto the grave to weep there.

Then when Mary was come where Jesus was, and saw him, she fell down at his feet, saying unto him, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.

When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, he groaned in the spirit, and was troubled.

And said, Where have ye laid him? They said unto him, Lord, come and see.

Jesus wept.

Then said the Jews, Behold how he loved him!

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

And some of them said, Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?

Jesus therefore again groaning in himself cometh to the grave. It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it.

Jesus said, Take ye away the stone. Martha, the sister of him that was dead, saith unto him, Lord, by this time he stinketh: for he hath been dead four days.

Jesus saith unto her, Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?

Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up his eyes, and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me.

And I knew that thou hearest me always: but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me.

And when he thus had spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth.

And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with graveclothes: and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go.

Then many of the Jews which came to Mary, and had seen the things which Jesus did, believed on him.

But some of them went their ways to the Pharisees, and told them what things Jesus had done.

Then gathered the chief priests and the Pharisees a council, and said, What do we? for this man doeth many miracles.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

If we let him thus alone, all men will believe on him: and the Romans shall come and take away both our place and nation.

And one of them, named Caiaphas, being the high priest that same year, said unto them, Ye know nothing at all,

Nor consider that it is expedient for us, that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not.

And this spake he not of himself: but being high priest that year, he prophesied that Jesus should die for that nation;

And not for that nation only, but that also he should gather together in one the children of God that were scattered abroad.

Then from that day forth they took counsel together for to put him to death.

Jesus therefore walked no more openly among the Jews; but went thence into a country near to the wilderness, into a city called Ephraim, and there continued with his disciples.

And the Jews' passover was nigh at hand: and many went out of the country up to Jerusalem before the passover, to purify themselves.

Then sought they for Jesus, and spake among themselves, as they stood in the temple, What think ye, that he will not come to the feast?

Now both the chief priests and the Pharisees had given a commandment, that, if any man knew where he were, he should shew it, that they might take him.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

Then Jesus six days before the passover came to Bethany, where Lazarus was which had been dead, whom he raised from the dead.

There they made him a supper; and Martha served: but Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with him.

Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair: and the house was filled with the odour of the ointment.

Then saith one of his disciples, Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, which should betray him,

Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?

This he said, not that he cared for the poor; but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein.

Then said Jesus, Let her alone: against the day of my burying hath she kept this.

For the poor always ye have with you; but me ye have not always.

Much people of the Jews therefore knew that he was there: and they came not for Jesus' sake only, but that they might see Lazarus also, whom he had raised from the dead.

But the chief priests consulted that they might put Lazarus also to death;

Because that by reason of him many of the Jews went away, and believed on Jesus.

On the next day much people that were come to the

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

feast, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem,

Took branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna: Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord.

And Jesus, when he had found a young ass, sat thereon; as it is written,

Fear not, daughter of Sion: behold thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt.

These things understood not his disciples at the first: but when Jesus was glorified, then remembered they that these things were written of him, and that they had done these things unto him.

The people therefore that was with him when he called Lazarus out of his grave, and raised him from the dead, bare record.

For this cause the people also met him, for that they heard that he had done this miracle.

The Pharisees therefore said among themselves, Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? behold, the world is gone after him.

And there were certain Greeks among them that came up to worship at the feast:

The same came therefore to Philip, which was of Bethsaida of Galilee, and desired him, saying, Sir, we would see Jesus.

Philip cometh and telleth Andrew: and again Andrew and Philip tell Jesus.

And Jesus answered them, saying, The hour is come, that the Son of man should be glorified.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.

He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal.

If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be: if any man serve me, him will my Father honour.

Now is my soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour: but for this cause came I unto this hour.

Father, glorify thy name. Then came there a voice from heaven, saying, I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again.

The people therefore, that stood by, and heard it, said that it thundered: others said, An angel spake to him.

Jesus answered and said, This voice came not because of me, but for your sakes.

Now is the judgment of this world: now shall the prince of this world be cast out.

And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.

This he said, signifying what death he should die.

The people answered him, We have heard out of the law that Christ abideth for ever: and how sayest thou, The Son of man must be lifted up? who is this Son of man?

Then Jesus said unto them, Yet a little while is the light with you. Walk while ye have the light, lest

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

darkness come upon you: for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth.

While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light. These things spake Jesus, and departed, and did hide himself from them.

But though he had done so many miracles before them, yet they believed not on him:

That the saying of Esaias the prophet might be fulfilled, which he spake, Lord, who hath believed our report? and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?

Therefore they could not believe, because that Esaias said again,

He hath blinded their eyes, and hardened their heart; that they should not see with their eyes, nor understand with their heart, and be converted, and I should heal them.

These things said Esaias, when he saw his glory, and spake of him.

Nevertheless among the chief rulers also many believed on him; but because of the Pharisees they did not confess him, lest they should be put out of the synagogue:

For they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God.

Jesus cried and said, He that believeth on me, believeth not on me, but on him that sent me.

And he that seeth me seeth him that sent me.

I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness.

And if any man hear my words, and believe not, I judge him not: for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day.

For I have not spoken of myself; but the Father which sent me, he gave me a commandment, what I should say, and what I should speak.

And I know that his commandment is life everlasting: whatsoever I speak therefore, even as the Father said unto me, so I speak.

Now before the feast of the passover, when Jesus knew that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end.

And supper being ended, the devil having now put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, to betray him;

Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he was come from God, and went to God;

He riseth from supper, and laid aside his garments; and took a towel, and girded himself.

After that he poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded.

Then cometh he to Simon Peter: and Peter saith unto him, Lord, dost thou wash my feet?

Jesus answered and said unto him, What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.

Peter saith unto him, Thou shalt never wash my feet. Jesus answered him, If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

Simon Peter saith unto him, Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head.

Jesus saith to him, He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit: and ye are clean, but not all.

For he knew who should betray him; therefore said he, Ye are not all clean.

So after he had washed their feet, and had taken his garments, and was set down again, he said unto them, Know ye what I have done to you?

Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am.

If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet.

For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord; neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him.

If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.

I speak not of you all: I know whom I have chosen: but that the scripture may be fulfilled, He that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me.

Now I tell you before it come, that, when it is come to pass, ye may believe that I am he.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that receiveth whomsoever I send receiveth me; and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me.

When Jesus had thus said, he was troubled in spirit, and testified, and said, Verily, verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

Then the disciples looked one on another, doubting of whom he spake.

Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved.

Simon Peter therefore beckoned to him, that he should ask who it should be of whom he spake.

He then lying on Jesus' breast saith unto him, Lord, who is it?

Jesus answered, He it is, to whom I shall give a sop, when I have dipped it. And when he had dipped the sop, he gave it to Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon.

And after the sop Satan entered into him. Then said Jesus unto him, That thou doest, do quickly.

Now no man at the table knew for what intent he spake this unto him.

For some of them thought, because Judas had the bag, that Jesus had said unto him, Buy those things that we have need of against the feast; or, that he should give something to the poor.

He then having received the sop went immediately out: and it was night.

Therefore, when he was gone out, Jesus said, Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is glorified in him.

If God be glorified in him, God shall also glorify him in himself, and shall straightway glorify him.

Little children, yet a little while I am with you. Ye shall seek me: and as I said unto the Jews, Whither I go, ye cannot come; so now I say to you.

A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.

Simon Peter said unto him, Lord, whither goest thou? Jesus answered him, Whither I go, thou canst not follow me now; but thou shalt follow me afterwards.

Peter said unto him, Lord, why cannot I follow thee now? I will lay down my life for thy sake.

Jesus answered him, Wilt thou lay down thy life for my sake? Verily, verily, I say unto thee, The cock shall not crow, till thou hast denied me thrice.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us.

Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father?

Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works.

Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.

And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

If ye love me, keep my commandments.

And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever;

Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.

Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also.

At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.

He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

Judas saith unto him, not Iscariot, Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world.

Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.

He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings: and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me.

These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you.

But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

Ye have heard how I said unto you, I go away, and come again unto you. If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father: for my Father is greater than I.

And now I have told you before it come to pass, that, when it is come to pass, ye might believe.

Hereafter I will not talk much with you: for the prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me.

But that the world may know that I love the Father; and as the Father gave me commandment, even so I do. Arise, let us go hence.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.

Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing.

If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.

If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.

These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you.

Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you.

These things I command you, that ye love one another.

If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you.

If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you.

Remember the word that I said unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you; if they have kept my saying, they will keep yours also.

But all these things will they do unto you for my name's sake, because they know not him that sent me.

If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin: but now they have no cloke for their sin.

He that hateth me hateth my Father also.

If I had not done among them the works which none other man did, they had not had sin: but now have they both seen and hated both me and my father.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

But this cometh to pass, that the word might be fulfilled that is written in their law, They hated me without a cause.

But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me:

And ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning.

These things have I spoken unto you, that ye should not be offended.

They shall put you out of the synagogues: yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service.

And these things they will do unto you, because they have not known the Father, nor me.

But these things have I told you, that when the time shall come, ye may remember that I told you of them. And these things I said not unto you at the beginning, because I was with you.

But now I go my way to him that sent me; and none of you asketh me, Whither goest thou?

But because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart.

Nevertheless I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.

And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:



Ecce Homo.

Titian, Musée Condé, Chantilly.

Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man! When the chief priests therefore and officers saw him, they cried out, saying, Crucify him, crucify him.

John xix. 5-6.



Christ Crowned with Thorns.

Titian, Alte Pinakothek, Munich.

And the soldiers plaited a crown of thorns, and put it on his head.

John xix. 2.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

Of sin, because they believe not on me;

Of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more;

Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.

I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.

Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will shew you things to come.

He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you.

All things that the Father hath are mine: therefore said I, that he shall take of mine, and shall shew it unto you.

A little while, and ye shall not see me: and again, a little while, and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father.

Then said some of his disciples among themselves, What is this that he saith unto us, A little while, and ye shall not see me: and again, a little while, and ye shall see me: and, Because I go to the Father?

They said therefore, What is this that he saith, A little while? we cannot tell what he saith.

Now Jesus knew that they were desirous to ask him, and said unto them, Do ye inquire among yourselves of that I said, A little while, and ye shall not see me: and again, a little while, and ye shall see me?

Verily, verily, I say unto you, That ye shall weep and

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

lament, but the world shall rejoice: and ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy.

A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come: but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world.

And ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.

And in that day ye shall ask me nothing. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.

Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.

These things have I spoken unto you in proverbs; but the time cometh, when I shall no more speak unto you in proverbs, but I shall shew you plainly of the Father.

At that day ye shall ask in my name: and I say not unto you, that I will pray the Father for you:

For the Father himself loveth you, because ye have loved me, and have believed that I came out from God.

I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world: again, I leave the world, and go to the Father.

His disciples said unto him, Lo, now speakest thou plainly, and speakest no proverb.

Now are we sure that thou knowest all things, and needest not that any man should ask thee: by this we believe that thou camest forth from God.

Jesus answered them, Do ye now believe?

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

Behold, the hour cometh, yea, is now come, that ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone: and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.

These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.

These words spake Jesus, and lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee:

As thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him.

And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.

I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do.

And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was.

I have manifested thy name unto the men which thou gavest me out of the world: thine they were, and thou gavest them me; and they have kept thy word.

Now they have known that all things whatsoever thou hast given me are of thee.

For I have given unto them the words which thou gavest me; and they have received them, and have known surely that I came out from thee, and they have believed that thou didst send me.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

I pray for them: I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me; for they are thine.

And all mine are thine, and thine are mine; and I am glorified in them.

And now I am no more in the world, but these are in the world, and I come to thee. Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are.

While I was with them in the world, I kept them in thy name: those that thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost, but the son of perdition; that the scripture might be fulfilled.

And now come I to thee; and these things I speak in the world, that they might have my joy fulfilled in themselves.

I have given them thy word; and the world hath hated them, because they are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.

I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil.

They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.

Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth.

As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world.

And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth.

Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word;

That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me,

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.

And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one:

I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me.

Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world.

O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee: but I have known thee, and these have known that thou hast sent me.

And I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it: that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them.

When Jesus had spoken these words, he went forth with his disciples over the brook Cedron, where was a garden, into the which he entered, and his disciples.

And Judas also, which betrayed him, knew the place: for Jesus oftentimes resorted thither with his disciples.

Judas then, having received a band of men and officers from the chief priests and Pharisees, cometh hither with lanterns and torches and weapons.

Jesus therefore, knowing all things that should come upon him, went forth, and said unto them, Whom seek ye?

They answered him, Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus saith unto them, I am he. And Judas also, which betrayed him, stood with them.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

As soon then as he had said unto them, I am he, they went backward, and fell to the ground.

Then asked he them again, Whom seek ye? And they said, Jesus of Nazareth.

Jesus answered, I have told you that I am he: if therefore ye seek me, let these go their way:

That the saying might be fulfilled, which he spake, Of them which thou gavest me have I lost none.

Then Simon Peter having a sword drew it, and smote the high priest's servant, and cut off his right ear. The servant's name was Malchus.

Then said Jesus unto Peter, Put up thy sword into the sheath: the cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?

Then the band and the captain and officers of the Jews took Jesus, and bound him,

And led him away to Annas first; for he was father in law to Caiaphas, which was the high priest that same year.

Now Caiaphas was he, which gave counsel to the Jews, that it was expedient that one man should die for the people.

And Simon Peter followed Jesus, and so did another disciple: that disciple was known unto the high priest, and went in with Jesus into the palace of the high priest.

But Peter stood at the door without. Then went out that other disciple, which was known unto the high priest, and spake unto her that kept the door, and brought in Peter.

Then saith the damsel that kept the door unto Peter,

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

Art not thou also one of this man's disciples? He saith, I am not.

And the servants and officers stood there, who had made a fire of coals; for it was cold: and they warmed themselves: and Peter stood with them, and warmed himself.

The high priest then asked Jesus of the disciples, and of his doctrine.

Jesus answered him, I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogue, and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort; and in secret have I said nothing.

Why askest thou me? ask them which heard me, what I have said unto them: behold, they know what I said.

And when he had thus spoken, one of the officers which stood by struck Jesus with the palm of his hand, saying, Answerest thou the high priest so?

Jesus answered him, If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil: but if well, why smitest thou me?

Now Annas had sent him bound unto Caiaphas the high priest.

And Simon Peter stood and warmed himself. They said therefore unto him, Art not thou also one of his disciples? He denied it, and said, I am not.

One of the servants of the high priest, being his kinsman whose ear Peter cut off, saith, Did not I see thee in the garden with him?

Peter then denied again; and immediately the cock crew.

Then led they Jesus from Caiaphas unto the hall of judgment: and it was early; and they themselves went

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

not into the judgment hall, lest they should be defiled; but that they might eat the passover.

Pilate then went out unto them, and said, What accusation bring ye against this man?

They answered and said unto him, If he were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered him up unto thee.

Then said Pilate unto them, Take ye him, and judge him according to your law. The Jews therefore said unto him, It is not lawful for us to put any man to death:

That the saying of Jesus might be fulfilled, which he spake, signifying what death he should die.

Then Pilate entered into the judgment hall again, and called Jesus, and said unto him, Art thou the King of the Jews?

Jesus answered him, Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me?

Pilate answered, Am I a Jew? Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee unto me: what hast thou done?

Jesus answered, My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence.

Pilate therefore said unto him, Art thou a king then? Jesus answered, Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice.



Pilate Washing his Hands. Rembrandt, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it. Then answered all the people, and said, His blood be on us, and on our children.

Matthew xxvii. 24-25.



Christ Carrying the Cross. Giovanni Bellini, Formerly Coll. Duke Louis de Brissac.

And they took Jesus, and led him away. And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha.

John xix. 16-17.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

Pilate saith unto him, What is truth? And when he had said this, he went out again unto the Jews, and saith unto them, I find in him no fault at all.

But ye have a custom, that I should release unto you one at the passover: will ye therefore that I release unto you the King of the Jews?

Then cried they all again, saying, Not this man, but Barabbas. Now Barabbas was a robber.

Then Pilate therefore took Jesus, and scourged him. And the soldiers plaited a crown of thorns, and put it on his head, and they put on him a purple robe,

And said, Hail, King of the Jews! and they smote him with their hands.

Pilate therefore went forth again, and saith unto them, Behold, I bring him forth to you, that ye may know that I find no fault in him.

Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man!

When the chief priests therefore and officers saw him, they cried out, saying, Crucify him, crucify him. Pilate saith unto them, Take ye him, and crucify him: for I find no fault in him.

The Jews answered him, We have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God.

When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he was the more afraid;

And went again into the judgment hall, and saith unto Jesus, Whence art thou? But Jesus gave him no answer.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

Then saith Pilate unto him, Speakest thou not unto me? knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and have power to release thee?

Jesus answered, Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above: therefore he that delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin.

And from henceforth Pilate sought to release him: but the Jews cried out, saying, If thou let this man go, thou art not Caesar's friend: whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Caesar.

When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he brought Jesus forth, and sat down in the judgment seat in a place that is called the Pavement, but in the Hebrew, Gabbatha.

And it was the preparation of the passover, and about the sixth hour: and he saith unto the Jews, Behold your King!

But they cried out, Away with him, away with him, crucify him. Pilate saith unto them, Shall I crucify your King? The chief priests answered, We have no king but Cæsar.

Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified. And they took Jesus, and led him away.

And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha:

Where they crucified him, and two other with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.

And Pilate wrote a title, and put it on the cross. And the writing was, JESUS OF NAZARETH THE KING OF THE JEWS.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

This title then read many of the Jews: for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city: and it was written in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin.

Then said the chief priests of the Jews to Pilate, Write not, The King of the Jews; but that he said, I am King of the Jews.

Pilate answered, What I have written I have written.

Then the soldiers, when they had crucified Jesus, took his garments, and made four parts, to every soldier a part; and also his coat: now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout.

They said therefore among themselves, Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be: that the scripture might be fulfilled, which saith, They parted my raiment among them, and for my vesture they did cast lots. These things therefore the soldiers did.

Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene.

When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son!

Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home.

After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the scripture might be fulfilled, saith, I thirst.

Now there was set a vessel full of vinegar: and they filled a sponge with vinegar, and put it upon hyssop, and put it to his mouth.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.

The Jews therefore, because it was the preparation, that the bodies should not remain upon the cross on the sabbath day, (for that sabbath day was an high day,) besought Pilate that their legs might be broken, and that they might be taken away.

Then came the soldiers, and brake the legs of the first, and of the other which was crucified with him.

But when they came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they brake not his legs:

But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water.

And he that saw it bare record, and his record is true: and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe.

For these things were done, that the scripture should be fulfilled, A bone of him shall not be broken.

And again another scripture saith, They shall look on him whom they pierced.

And after this Joseph of Arimathæa, being a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews, besought Pilate that he might take away the body of Jesus: and Pilate gave him leave. He came therefore, and took the body of Jesus.

And there came also Nicodemus, which at the first came to Jesus by night, and brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pound weight.

Then they took the body of Jesus, and wound it in

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

linen clothes with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury.

Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid.

There laid they Jesus therefore because of the Jews' preparation day; for the sepulchre was nigh at hand.

The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre.

Then she runneth, and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple, whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him.

Peter therefore went forth, and that other disciple, and came to the sepulchre.

So they ran both together: and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre.

And he stooping down, and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in.

Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie,

And the napkin, that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself.

Then went in also that other disciple, which came first to the sepulchre, and he saw, and believed.

For as yet they knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead.

Then the disciples went away again unto their own home.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping: and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre,

And seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master.

Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God.

Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her.

Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

And when he had so said, he shewed unto them his hands and his side. Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord.

Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you.

And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost:

Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained.

But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came.

The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe.

And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them: then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you.

Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing.

And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God.

Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.

And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book:

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.

After these things Jesus shewed himself again to the disciples at the sea of Tiberias; and on this wise shewed he himself.

There were together Simon Peter, and Thomas called Didymus, and Nathanael of Cana in Galilee, and the sons of Zebedee, and two other of his disciples.

Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a fishing. They say unto him, We also go with thee. They went forth, and entered into a ship immediately; and that night they caught nothing.

But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore: but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus.

Then Jesus saith unto them, Children, have ye any meat? They answered him, No.

And he said unto them, Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes.

Therefore that disciple whom Jesus loved saith unto Peter, It is the Lord. Now when Simon Peter heard that it was the Lord, he girt his fisher's coat unto him, (for he was naked,) and did cast himself into the sea.

And the other disciples came in a little ship; (for they were not far from land, but as it were two hundred cubits,) dragging the net with fishes.

As soon then as they were come to land, they saw a fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon, and bread.



Christ and Simon of Cyrene.

Titian, Prado Museum, Madrid.

And as they led him away, they laid hold upon one Simon, a Cyrenian, coming out of the country, and on him they laid the cross, that he might bear it after Jesus.

Luke xxiii. 26.





Crucifixion.

Mantegna, Louvre, Paris.

*They crucified him, and
two other with him.*

John xix. 18.



Soldiers Casting Lots for Christ's Garments.

William Blake
Collection W. Graham Robertson

And when they had crucified him, they parted his garments, casting lots upon them, what every man should take.

Mark xv. 24.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

Jesus saith unto them, Bring of the fish which ye have now caught.

Simon Peter went up, and drew the net to land full of great fishes, an hundred and fifty and three: and for all there were so many, yet was not the net broken.

Jesus saith unto them, Come and dine. And none of the disciples durst ask him, Who art thou? knowing that it was the Lord.

Jesus then cometh, and taketh bread, and giveth them, and fish likewise.

This is now the third time that Jesus shewed himself to his disciples, after that he was risen from the dead.

So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs.

He saith to him again the second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my sheep.

He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep.

Verily, verily, I say unto thee, When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest: but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not.

The story of The Passion and Resurrection—II

This spake he, signifying by what death he should glorify God. And when he had spoken this, he saith unto him, Follow me.

Then Peter, turning about, seeth the disciple whom Jesus loved following; which also leaned on his breast at supper, and said, Lord, which is he that betrayeth thee?

Peter seeing him saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do?

Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me.

Then went this saying abroad among the brethren, that that disciple should not die: yet Jesus said not unto him, He shall not die; but, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?

This is the disciple which testifieth of these things, and wrote these things: and we know that his testimony is true.

And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. Amen.

Gospel of St. John xi—xxi.

BORN OUT OF DUE TIME

MOREOVER, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand; By which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain.

For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures;

And that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures:

And that he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve:

After that, he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep.

After that, he was seen of James; then of all the apostles.

And last of all he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time.

For I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God.

But by the grace of God I am what I am: and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain; but I laboured more abundantly than they all: yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.

Born out of Due Time

Therefore whether it were I or they, so we preach, and so ye believed.

Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead?

But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen:

And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain.

Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ: whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not.

For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised:

And if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins.

Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished.

If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept.

For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

But every man in his own order: Christ the firstfruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming.

Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power.

Born out of Due Time

For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet.

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.

For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith all things are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted, which did put all things under him.

And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all.

Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? why are they then baptized for the dead?

And why stand we in jeopardy every hour?

I protest by your rejoicing which I have in Christ Jesus our Lord, I die daily.

If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me, if the dead rise not? let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die.

Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners.

Awake to righteousness, and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of God: I speak this to your shame.

But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?

Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die:

And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain:

Born out of Due Time

But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body.

All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds.

There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another.

There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory.

So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption:

It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power:

It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.

And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit.

Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual.

The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven.

As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly.

And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

Born out of Due Time

Behold, I shew you a mystery ; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.

But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians xv.

LAY HOLD ON LIFE ETERNAL

LET AS many servants as are under the yoke count their own masters worthy of all honour, that the name of God and his doctrine be not blasphemed.

And they that have believing masters, let them not despise them, because they are brethren; but rather do them service, because they are faithful and beloved, partakers of the benefit. These things teach and exhort.

If any man teach otherwise, and consent not to wholesome words, even the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the doctrine which is according to godliness;

He is proud, knowing nothing, but doting about questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings,

Perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth, supposing that gain is godliness: from such withdraw thyself.

But godliness with contentment is great gain.

For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.

And having food and raiment let us be therewith content.

But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition.

For the love of money is the root of all evil: which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.



Christ on the Cross.

Velasquez, Prado Museum, Madrid.

And the people stood beholding. And the rulers also with them derided him, saying, He saved others; let him save himself, if he be Christ, the chosen of God. And the soldiers also mocked him.

Luke xxiii. 35-36.



The Dying Christ.

*Matthew Paris, by courtesy of the Master and
Fellows of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.*

And it was about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour. And the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst. And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said thus, he gave up the ghost.

Luke xxiii. 44-46.

Lay Hold on Life Eternal

But thou, O man of God, flee these things; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness.

Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses.

I give thee charge in the sight of God, who quickeneth all things, and before Christ Jesus, who before Pontius Pilate witnessed a good confession;

That thou keep this commandment without spot, unrebukeable, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ:

Which in his times he shall shew, who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords;

Who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen, nor can see: to whom be honour and power everlasting. Amen.

Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not highminded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy;

That they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate;

Laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life.

O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called:

Which some professing have erred concerning the faith. Grace be with thee. Amen.

St. Paul's First Epistle to Timothy vi.

NOW THEY DESIRED A BETTER COUNTRY

NOW FAITH is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. For by it the elders obtained a good report. Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear.

By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts: and by it he being dead yet speaketh.

By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God.

But without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.

By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith.

By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went.

Now They Desired a Better Country

By faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise:

For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

Through faith also Sara herself received strength to conceive seed, and was delivered of a child when she was past age, because she judged him faithful who had promised.

Therefore sprang there even of one, and him as good as dead, so many as the stars of the sky in multitude, and as the sand which is by the sea shore innumerable.

These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.

For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country.

And truly, if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned.

But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city.

By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac: and he that had received the promises offered up his only begotten son,

Of whom it was said, That in Isaac shall thy seed be called:

Accounting that God was able to raise him up, even

Now They Desired a Better Country

from the dead; from whence also he received him in a figure.

By faith Isaac blessed Jacob and Esau concerning things to come.

By faith Jacob, when he was a dying, blessed both the sons of Joseph; and worshipped, leaning upon the top of his staff.

By faith Joseph, when he died, made mention of the departing of the children of Israel; and gave commandment concerning his bones.

By faith Moses, when he was born, was hid three months of his parents, because they saw he was a proper child; and they were not afraid of the king's commandment.

By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter;

Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season;

Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt: for he had respect unto the recompence of the reward.

By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king: for he endured, as seeing him who is invisible.

Through faith he kept the passover, and the sprinkling of blood, lest he that destroyed the firstborn should touch them.

By faith they passed through the Red Sea as by dry land: which the Egyptians assaying to do were drowned.

By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days.

Now They Desired a Better Country

By faith the harlot Rahab perished not with them that believed not, when she had received the spies with peace.

And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of Gedeon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthae; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets:

Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions,

Quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.

Women received their dead raised to life again: and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection:

And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment:

They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented;

(Of whom the world was not worthy:) they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth.

And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise:

God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews xi.

THE LORD'S COMING

THIS second epistle, beloved, I now write unto you; in both which I stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance:

That ye may be mindful of the words which were spoken before by the holy prophets, and of the commandment of us the apostles of the Lord and Saviour:

Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts,

And saying, Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation.

For this they willingly are ignorant of, that by the word of God the heavens were of old, and the earth standing out of the water and in the water:

Whereby the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished:

But the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men.

But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.

The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is longsuffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

The Lord's Coming

But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night ; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up.

Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness,

Looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat?

Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless.

And account that the longsuffering of our Lord is salvation ; even as our beloved brother Paul also according to the wisdom given unto him hath written unto you ;

As also in all his epistles, speaking in them of these things ; in which are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other scriptures, unto their own destruction.

Ye therefore, beloved, seeing ye know these things before, beware lest ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own stedfastness.

But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. To him be glory both now and for ever. Amen.

Second Epistle of St. Peter iii.

A VOICE OF A GREAT MULTITUDE

AND AFTER these things I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Alleluia; Salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God:

For true and righteous are his judgments: for he hath judged the great whore, which did corrupt the earth with her fornication, and hath avenged the blood of his servants at her hand.

And again they said, Alleluia. And her smoke rose up for ever and ever.

And the four and twenty elders and the four beasts fell down and worshipped God that sat on the throne, saying, Amen; Alleluia.

And a voice came out of the throne, saying, Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great.

And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready.

And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints.

A Voice of a Great Multitude

And he saith unto me, Write, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb. And he saith unto me, These are the true sayings of God.

And I fell at his feet to worship him. And he said unto me, See thou do it not: I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren that have the testimony of Jesus: worship God: for the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy.

And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war.

His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written, that no man knew, but he himself.

And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood: and his name is called The Word of God.

And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean.

And out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations: and he shall rule them with a rod of iron: and he treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God.

And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.

And I saw an angel standing in the sun; and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God;

That ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses, and of them that sit on them, and the flesh

A Voice of a Great Multitude

of all men, both free and bond, both small and great.

And I saw the beast, and the kings of the earth, and their armies, gathered together to make war against him that sat on the horse, and against his army.

And the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the beast, and them that worshipped his image. These both were cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone.

And the remnant were slain with the sword of him that sat upon the horse, which sword proceeded out of his mouth: and all the fowls were filled with their flesh.

And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand.

And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years,

And cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years should be fulfilled: and after that he must be loosed a little season.

And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them: and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years.

But the rest of the dead lived not again until the

A Voice of a Great Multitude

thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection.

Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years.

And when the thousand years are expired, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison.

And shall go out to deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth, Gog and Magog, to gather them together to battle: the number of whom is as the sand of the sea.

And they went up on the breadth of the earth, and compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city: and fire came down from God out of heaven, and devoured them.

And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever.

And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them.

And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.

And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in

A Voice of a Great Multitude

them: and they were judged every man according to their works.

And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death.

And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.

And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful.

And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.

But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and

A Voice of a Great Multitude

idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death.

And there came unto me one of the seven angels which had the seven vials full of the seven last plagues, and talked with me, saying, Come hither, I will shew thee the bride, the Lamb's wife.

And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God.

Having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal;

And had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel:

On the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates; and on the west three gates.

And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.

And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the wall thereof.

And the city lieth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth: and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal.

And he measured the wall thereof, an hundred and forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel.

A Voice of a Great Multitude

And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass.

And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald;

The fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolyte; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst.

And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl: and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.

And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.

And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it.

And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.

And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it.

And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

Revelation xix, xx and xxi.

VICTIMAE PASCHALI

TO THE Paschal Victim, Christians, bring the
Sacrifice of praise.

The Lamb the sheep hath ransomed; Christ,
the undefiled, sinners to His God and Father
hath reconciled.

Death and Life, in wondrous strife, came to conflict
sharp and sore.

Life's Monarch, he that died, now dies no more.

What thou sawest, Mary say, as thou wentest on the
way.

I saw the Slain One's earthly prison: I saw the glory of
the Risen:—

The witness Angels by the cave:—and the garments of
the grave.

The Lord, my Hope, hath risen, and He shall go before
to Galilee.

We know that Christ is risen from death indeed:—

Thou victor Monarch, for thy suppliants plead!

Amen. Alleluia.

Translated by JOHN MASON NEALE.

In Collected Hymns of J. M. Neale. 1914.

THE LOT OF THE BLESSED

THEN the chosen shall bear before Christ bright treasure, and joy shall live upon the day of doom. They shall know the blessedness of peaceful life with God, which shall be given unto all saints within the heavenly realm. That land shall never come unto an end, but there forevermore, all free of sin, they shall know bliss, praise the Lord of hosts, dear Saviour of their life, all wreathed in light, enwrapped in peace, safe from sorrows, glorified with joy, loved of the Lord. Always in bliss for ever they shall know the fellowship of angels, and radiant in grace adore the Lord of men. The Father of all hath power and upholdeth the host of the holy. There is the song of angels, the bliss of the blessed; there is the Lord's dear face more radiant than the sun unto all happy souls. There is life without death, a gladsome band of men; youth without age, the glory of the hosts of heaven; health without pangs unto the righteous; rest without toil, the lot of the blessed; day without darkness, bright and filled with glory; bliss without sorrow; love between friends forever without discord; peace without strife for blessed souls in heaven in the company of holy men. There shall be no hunger nor thirst, neither sleep nor heavy sickness, nor burning of the sun, nor cold, nor care. But that blessed band, fairest of hosts, shall know the favour of their King forever and glory with the Lord.

CYNEWULF: *Crist.*

SUPERNAE MATRIS GAUDIA

JOY and triumph everlasting
Hath the heavenly Church on high;
For that pure immortal gladness
All our feast-days mourn and sigh:
Yet in death's dark desert wild
Doth the mother aid her child,
Guards celestial thence attend us,
Stand in combat to defend us.

Here the world's perpetual warfare
Holds from heaven the soul apart;
Legioned foes in shadowy terror
Vex the Sabbath of the heart.
O how happy that estate
Where delight doth not abate;
For that home the spirit yearneth,
Where none languisheth nor mourneth.

There the body hath no torment,
There the mind is free from care,
There is every voice rejoicing,
Every heart is loving there.
Angels in that city dwell;
Them their King delighteth well:
Still they joy and weary never,
More and more desiring ever.

Supernae Matris Gaudia

There the seers and fathers holy,
There the prophets glorified,
All their doubts and darkness ended,
In the Light of light abide.
There the Saints, whose memories old
We in faithful hymns uphold,
Have forgot their bitter story
In the joy of Jesu's glory.

There from lowliness exalted
Dwelleth Mary, Queen of grace,
Ever with her presence pleading
'Gainst the sin of Adam's race.
To that glory of the blest,
By their prayers and faith confest,
Us, us too, when death hath freed us,
Christ of his good mercy lead us.

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR (c. 1150). *Yattendon Hymnal*.

PARADISE

M OON'S fervid hour perchance six thousand
miles
From hence is distant; and the shadowy cone
Almost to level on our earth declines;

When, from the midmost of this blue abyss
By turns some star is to our vision lost.
And straightway as the handmaid of the sun
Puts forth her radiant brow, all, light by light,
Fade; and the spangled firmament shuts in,
E'en to the loveliest of the glittering throng.
Thus vanish'd gradually from my sight
The triumph, which plays ever round the point
That overcame me, seeming (for it did)
Engirt by that it girdeth. Wherefore love
With loss of other object, forced me bend
Mine eyes on Beatrice once again.

If all that heretofore is heard of her,
Were on one praise concluded, 'twere too weak
To furnish out this turn. Mine eyes did look
On beauty, such as I believe in sooth
Not merely to exceed our human; but
That save its Maker, none can to the full
Enjoy it. At this point o'erpower'd I fail,
Unequal to my theme; as never bard
Of buskin or of sock hath fail'd before.

Paradise

For as the sun doth to the feeblest sight,
E'en so remembrance of that witching smile
Hath dispossessed my spirit of itself.
Not from that day, when on this earth I first
Beheld her charms, up to that view of them,
Have I with song applausive ever ceased
To follow; but now follow them no more;
My course here bounded, as each artist's is,
When it doth touch the limit of his skill.

She (such as I bequeathe her to the bruit
Of louder trump than mine, which hasteneth on,
Urging its arduous matter to the close)
Her words resumed, in gesture and in voice
Resembling one accustom'd to command:

"Forth from the last corporeal are we come
Into the heaven, that is unbodied light;
Light intellectual, replete with love;
Love of true happiness replete with joy;
Joy that transcends all sweetness of delight.
Here shalt thou look on either mighty host
Of Paradise; and one in that array,
Which in the final judgment thou shalt see."
As when the lightning, in a sudden spleen
Unfolded, dashes from the blinding eyes
The visive spirits, dazzl'd and bedimm'd;
So round about me, fulminating streams
Of living radiance play'd, and left me swathed
And veil'd in dense impenetrable blaze.
Such weal is in the love, that stills this heaven;
For its own flame the torch thus fitting ever.

Paradise

No sooner to my listening ear had come
The brief assurance, than I understood
New virtue into me infused, and sight
Kindled afresh, with vigour to sustain
Excess of light however pure. I look'd;
And in the likeness of a river, saw
Light flowing, from whose amber-seeming waves
Flash'd up effulgence, as they glided on
'Twixt banks, on either side, painted with spring,
Incredible how fair: and from the tide
There ever and anon outstarting flew
Sparkles instinct with life; and in the flowers
Did set them like to rubies chased in gold:
Then, as if drunk with odours, plunged again
Into the wondrous flood; from which as one
Re-enter'd, still another rose. "The thirst
Of knowledge high, whereby thou art inflamed,
To search the meaning of what here thou seest,
The more it warms thee, pleases me the more.
But first behoves thee of this water drink,
Or e'er that longing be allay'd." So spake
The day-star of mine eyes: then thus subjoin'd:
"This stream; and these, forth issuing from its gulf,
And diving back, a living topaz each;
With all this laughter on its bloomy shores;
Are but a preface, shadowy of the truth
They emblem: not that in themselves the things
Are crude; but on thy part is the defect,
For that thy views not yet aspire so high."

Never did babe that had outslept his wont,

Paradise

Rush, with such eager straining, to the milk,
As I toward the water; bending me,
To make the better mirrors of mine eyes
In the refining wave; and as the eaves
Of mine eyelids did drink of it, forthwith
Seem'd it unto me turn'd from length to round.
Then as a troupe of maskers, when they put
Their vizors off, look other than before;
The counterfeited semblance thrown aside:
So into greater jubilee were changed
Those flowers and sparkles; and distinct I saw,
Before me, either court of heaven display'd.

O prime enlightener! thou who gavest me strength
On the high triumph of thy realm to gaze;
Grant virtue now to utter what I kenn'd.

There is in heaven a light, whose goodly shine
Makes the Creator visible to all
Created, that in seeing him alone
Have peace; and in a circle spreads so far,
That the circumference were too loose a zone
To girdle in the sun. All is one beam,
Reflected from the summit of the first,
That moves, which being hence and vigour takes.
And as, some cliff, that from the bottom eyes
His image mirror'd in the crystal flood,
As if to admire his brave apparelling
Of verdure and of flowers; so round about
Eyeing the light, on more than million thrones,
Stood, eminent, whatever from our earth
Has to the skies return'd. How wide the leaves,

Paradise

Extended to the utmost, of this rose,
Whose lowest step embosoms such a space
Of ample radiance! Yet, nor amplitude
Nor height impeded, but my view with ease
Took in the full dimensions of that joy.
Near or remote, what there avails, where God
Immediate rules, and Nature, awed, suspends
Her sway? Into the yellow of the rose
Perennial, which in bright expansiveness
Lays forth its gradual blooming, redolent
Of praises to the never-wintering sun,
As one who fain would speak yet holds his peace,
Beatrice led me: and "Behold," she said,
"This fair assemblage; stoles of snowy white,
How numberless. The city where we dwell,
Behold how vast; and these our seats so throng'd,
Few now are wanting here . . ."¹
In fashion, as a snow white rose, lay then
Before my view the saintly multitude,
Which in his own blood Christ espoused. Meanwhile,
That other host, that soar aloft to gaze
And celebrate his glory, whom they love,
Hover'd around; and, like a troop of bees,
Amid the vernal sweets alighting now,
Now, clustering, where their fragrant labour glows,
Flew downward to the mighty flower, or rose
From the redundant petals, streaming back
Unto the steadfast dwelling of their joy.

¹Here Dante plunges into politics which for us have no longer interest or meaning; at least for the purpose of this anthology.

Paradise

Faces had they of flame, and wings of gold;
The rest was whiter than the driven snow;
And, as they flitted down into the flower,
From range to range, fanning their plummy loins,
Whisper'd the peace and ardour, which they won
From that soft winnowing. Shadow none, the vast
Interposition of such numerous flight
Cast, from above, upon the flower, or view
Obstructed aught. For, through the universe,
Wherever merited, celestial light
Glides freely, and no obstacle prevents.

All there, who reign in safety and in bliss,
Ages long past or new, on one sole mark
Their love and vision fix'd. O trinal beam
Of individual star, that charm'st them thus!
Vouchsafe one glance to gild our storm below.

If the grim brood, from Arctic shores that roam'd,
(Where Helice for ever, as she wheels,
Sparkles a mother's fondness on her son),
Stood in mute wonder 'mid the works of Rome,
When to their view the Lateran arose
In greatness more than earthly; I, who then
From human to divine had past, from time
Unto eternity, and out of Florence
To justice and to truth, how might I chuse
But marvel too? 'Twixt gladness and amaze,
In sooth no will had I to utter aught,
Or hear. And, as a pilgrim, when he rests
Within the temple of his vow, looks round
In breathless awe, and hopes some time to tell



The Descent from the Cross.

Rogier Van der Weyden, Escorial, Madrid.

And after this Joseph of Arimathæa, being a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews, besought Pilate that he might take away the body of Jesus: and Pilate gave him leave. He came therefore, and took the body of Jesus.

John xix. 38.

The Entombment.
Poussin.

*Then took they the body
of Jesus, and wound it
in linen clothes with
the spices.*
John xix. 40.



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Pieta.

Michael Angelo, St. Peter's, Rome.

Paradise

Of all its goodly state; e'en so mine eyes
Coursed up and down along the living light,
Now low, and now aloft, and now around,
Visiting every step. Looks I beheld,
Where charity in soft persuasion sat;
Smiles from within, and radiance from above;
And, in each gesture, grace and honour high.

So roved my ken, and in its general form
All Paradise surveyed: when round I turn'd
With purpose of my lady to inquire
Once more of things, that held my thoughts suspense,
But answer found from other than I ween'd;
For, Beatrice when I thought to see,
I saw instead a senior, at my side,
Robed, as the rest, in glory. Joy benign
Glow'd in his eye, and o'er his cheek diffused,
With gestures such as spake a father's love.
And, "Whither is she vanish'd?" straight I ask'd.

"By Beatrice summon'd," he replied,
"I come to aid thy wish. Looking aloft
To the third circle from the highest, there
Behold her on the throne, wherein her merit
Hath placed her." Answering not, mine eyes I
raised,

And saw her, where aloof she sat, her brow
A wreath reflecting of eternal beams.
Not from the centre of the sea so far
Unto the region of the highest thunder,
As was my ken from hers; and yet the form
Came through that medium down, unmix'd and pure.

Paradise

“O lady! thou in whom my hopes have rest;
Who, for my safety, hast not scorn’d, in hell
To leave the traces of thy footsteps mark’d;
For all mine eyes have seen, I to thy power
And goodness, virtue owe and grace. Of slave
Thou hast to freedom brought me: and no means,
For my deliverance apt, hast left untried.
Thy liberal bounty still toward me keep:
That, when my spirit, which thou madest whole,
Is loosen’d from this body, it may find
Favour with thee.” So I my suit preferr’d:
And she, so distant, as appear’d, look’d down,
And smiled; then towards the eternal fountain turn’d.

And thus the senior, holy and revered:
“That thou at length mayst happily conclude
Thy voyage (to which end I was dispatch’d,
By supplication moved and holy love,)
Let thy upsoaring vision range, at large,
This garden through: for so, by ray divine
Kindled, thy ken a higher flight shall mount;
And from heaven’s queen, whom fervent I adore,
All gracious aid befriend us; for that I
Am her own faithful Bernard.” Like a wight,
Who haply from Croatia wends to see
Our Veronica; and, the while ’tis shown,
Hangs over it with never-sated gaze,
And, all that he hath heard revolving, saith
Unto himself in thought: “And didst thou look
E’en thus, O Jesus, my true Lord and God?
And was this semblance thine?” So gazed I then

Paradise

Adoring; for the charity of him,
Who musing, in this world that peace enjoy'd,
Stood livelily before me. "Child of grace!"
Thus he began: "thou shalt not knowledge gain
Of this glad being, if thine eyes are held
Still in this depth below. But search around
The circles, to the furthest, till thou spy
Seated in state, the queen, that of this realm
Is sovran." Straight mine eyes I raised; and bright,
As, at the birth of morn, the eastern clime
Above the horizon, where the sun declines;
So to mine eyes, that upward, as from vale
To mountain sped, at the extreme bound, a part
Excell'd in lustre all the front opposed.
And as the glow burns ruddiest o'er the wave,
That waits the ascending team, which Phaëton
Ill knew to guide, and on each part the light
Diminish'd fades, intensest in the midst;
So burn'd the peaceful oriflamb, and slack'd
On every side the living flame decay'd.
And in that midst their sportive pennons waved
Thousands of angels; in resplendence each
Distinct, and quaint adornment. At their glee
And carol, smiled the Lovely One of heaven,
That joy was in the eyes of all the blest.

Had I a tongue in eloquence as rich
As is the colouring in fancy's loom,
'Twere all too poor to utter the least part
Of that enchantment. When he saw mine eyes
Intent on her, that charm'd him; Bernard gazed

Paradise

With so exceeding fondness, as infused
Ardour into my breast, unfelt before.

Freely the sage, though wrapt in musings high,
Assumed the teacher's part, and mild began:
"The wound, that Mary closed, she open'd first,
Who sits so beautiful at Mary's feet.

The third in order, underneath her, lo!
Rachel with Beatrice: Sarah next;
Judith; Rebecca; and the gleaner-maid,
Meek ancestress of him who sang the songs
Of sore repentance in his sorrowful mood.
All, as I name them, down from leaf to leaf,
Are, in gradation, thronèd on the rose.
And from the seventh step, successively,
Adown the breathing tresses of the flower,
Still doth the file of Hebrew dames proceed.
For these are a partition wall, whereby
The sacred stairs are sever'd, as the faith
In Christ divides them. On this part, where blooms
Each leaf in full maturity, are set
Such as in Christ, or e'er he came, believed.
On the other, where an intersected space
Yet shows the semicircle void, abide
All they who look'd to Christ already come.
And as our Lady on her glorious stool,
And they who on their stools beneath her sit,
This way distinction make; e'en so on his,
The mighty Baptist that way marks the line,
(He who endured the desert, and the pains

Paradise

Of martyrdom, and, for two years, of hell,
Yet still continued holy), and beneath,
Augustin; Francis; Benedict; and the rest,
Thus far from round to round. So heaven's decree
Forecasts, this garden equally to fill,
With faith in either view, past or to come.
Learn too, that downward from the step, which cleaves,
Midway, the twain compartments, none there are
Who place obtain for merit of their own,
But have through others' merit been advanced,
On set conditions; spirits all released,
Ere for themselves they had the power to chuse.
And, if thou mark and listen to them well,
Their childish looks and voice declare as much.

“Here, silent as thou art, I know thy doubt;
And gladly will I loose the knot, wherein
Thy subtil thoughts have bound thee. From this realm
Excluded, chance no entrance here may find;
No more than hunger, thirst, or sorrow can.
A law immutable hath stablish'd all;
Nor is there aught thou seest, that doth not fit,
Exactly, as the finger to the ring.
It is not, therefore, without cause, that these,
O'er speedy comers to immortal life,
Are different in their shares of excellence.
Our Sovran Lord, that settleth this estate
In love and in delight so absolute,
That wish can dare no further, every soul,
Created in his joyous sight to dwell,
With grace, at pleasure, variously endows.

Paradise

And, for a proof, the effect may well suffice.
And 'tis, moreover, most expressly mark'd
In holy Scripture, where the twins are said
To have struggled in the womb. Therefore, as grace
Inweaves the coronet, so every brow
Weareth its proper hue of orient light.
And merely in respect to his prime gift,
Not in reward of meritorious deed,
Hath each his several degree assign'd.
In early times with their own innocence
More was not wanting, than the parents' faith,
To save them: those first ages past, behoved
That circumcision in the males should imp
The flight of innocent wings: but since the day
Of grace hath come, without baptismal rights
In Christ accomplish'd, innocence herself
Must linger yet below. Now raise thy view
Unto the visage most resembling Christ:
For, in her splendour only, shalt thou win
The power to look on him." Forthwith I saw
Such floods of gladness on her visage shower'd,
From holy spirits, winging that profound;
That whatsoever I had yet beheld
Had not so much suspended me with wonder,
Or shown me such similitude of God.
And he, who had to her descended, once,
On earth, now hail'd in heaven; and on poised wing,
"Ave, Maria, Gratia Plena," sang:
To whose sweet anthem all the blissful court,
From all parts answering, rang: that holier joy

Paradise

Brooded the deep serene. "Father revered!
Who deign'st, for me, to quit the pleasant place
Wherein thou sittest, by eternal lot;
Say, who that angel is, that with such glee
Beholds our queen, and so enamour'd glows
Of her high beauty, that all fire he seems."

So I again resorted to the lore
Of my wise teacher, he, whom Mary's charms
Embellish'd, as the sun the morning star;
Who thus in answer spake: "In him are summ'd,
Whate'er of buxomness and free delight
May be in spirit, or in angel, met:
And so beseems: for that he bare the palm
Down unto Mary, when the Son of God
Vouchsafed to clothe him in terrestrial weeds.
Now let thine eyes wait heedful on my words;
And note thou of this just and pious realm
The chiefest nobles. Those, highest in bliss,
The twain, on each hand next our empress throned,
Are as it were two roots unto this rose:
He to the left, the parent, whose rash taste
Proves bitter to his seed; and, on the right,
That ancient father of the holy church,
Into whose keeping Christ did give the keys
Of this sweet flower; near whom behold the seer,
That, ere he died, saw all the grievous times
Of the fair bride, who with the lance and nails
Was won. And, near unto the other, rests
The leader, under whom, on manna, fed
The ungrateful nation, fickle and perverse.

Paradise

On the other part, facing to Peter, lo!
Where Anna sits, so well content to look
On her loved daughter, that with moveless eye
She chants the loud hosanna: while, opposed
To the first father of your mortal kind,
Is Lucia, at whose hest thy lady sped,
When on the edge of ruin closed thine eye.

“But (for the vision hasteneth to an end)
Here break we off, as the good workman doth,
That shapes the cloak according to the cloth;
And to the primal love our ken shall rise;
That thou mayest penetrate the brightness, far
As sight can bear thee. Yet, alas! in sooth
Beating thy pennons, thinking to advance,
Thou backward fall'st. Grace then must first be gain'd;
Her grace, whose might can help thee. Thou in prayer
Seek her: and, with affection, whilst I sue,
Attend, and yield me all thy heart.” He said;
And thus the saintly orison began.

“O VIRGIN mother, daughter of thy Son!
Created beings all in lowliness
Surpassing, as in height above them all;
Term by the eternal counsel pre-ordain'd;
Ennobler of thy nature, so advanced
In thee, that its great Maker did not scorn,
To make himself his own creation;
For in thy womb rekindling shone the love
Reveal'd, whose genial influence makes now
This flower to germin in eternal peace:

Paradise

Here thou to us, of charity and love,
Art, as the noon-day torch; and art, beneath,
To mortal men, of hope a living spring.
So mighty art thou, lady, and so great,
That he, who grace desireth, and comes not
To thee for aidance, fain would have desire
Fly without wings. Not only him, who asks,
Thy bounty succours; but doth freely oft
Forerun the asking. Whatsoe'er may be
Of excellence in creature, pity mild,
Relenting mercy, large munificence,
Are all combined in thee. Here kneeleth one,
Who of all spirits hath review'd the state,
From the world's lowest gap unto this height.
Suppliant to thee he kneels, imploring grace
For virtue yet more high, to lift his ken
Toward the bliss supreme. And I, who ne'er
Coveted sight, more fondly, for myself,
Than now for him, my prayers to thee prefer,
(And pray they be not scant), that thou wouldst
drive

Each cloud of his mortality away,
Through thine own prayers, that on the sovran joy
Unveil'd he gaze. This yet, I pray thee, Queen,
Who canst do what thou wilt; that in him thou
Wouldst, after all he hath beheld, preserve
Affection sound, and human passions quell.
Lo! where, with Beatrice, many a saint
Stretch their clasp'd hands, in furtherance of my
suit."

Paradise

The eyes, that heaven with love and awe regards,
Fix'd on the suitor, witness'd, how benign
She looks on pious prayers: then fasten'd they
On the everlasting light, wherein no eye
Of creature, as may well be thought, so far
Can travel inward. I, meanwhile, who drew
Near to the limit, where all wishes end,
The ardour of my wish (for so behoved)
Ended within me. Beckoning smiled the sage,
That I should look aloft: but, ere he bade,
Already of myself aloft I look'd;
For visual strength, refining more and more,
Bare me into the ray authential
Of sovran light. Thenceforward, what I saw,
Was not for words to speak, nor memory's self
To stand against such outrage on her skill.

As one, who from a dream awaken'd, straight,
All he hath seen forgets; yet still retains
Impression of the feeling in his dream;
E'en such am I: for all the vision dies,
As 'twere, away; and yet the sense of sweet,
That sprang from it, still trickles in my heart.
Thus in the sun-thaw is the snow unseal'd;
Thus in the winds on flitting leaves was lost
The Sibyl's sentence. O eternal beam!
(Whose height what reach of mortal thought may soar?)
Yield me again some little particle
Of what thou then appearedst; give my tongue
Power, but to leave one sparkle of thy glory,
Unto the race to come, that shall not lose

Paradise

Thy triumph wholly, if thou waken aught
Of memory in me, and endure to hear
The record sound in this unequal strain.

Such keenness from the living ray I met,
That, if mine eyes had turn'd away, methinks,
I had been lost; but, so embolden'd, on
I pass'd, as I remember, till my view
Hover'd the brink of dread infinitude.

O grace, unenvying of thy boon! that gavest
Boldness to fix so earnestly my ken
On the everlasting splendour, that I look'd,
While sight was unconsumed; and, in that depth,
Saw in one volume clasp'd of love, whate'er
The universe unfolds; all properties
Of substance and of accident, beheld,
Compounded, yet one individual light
The whole. And of such bond methinks I saw
The universal form; for that whene'er
I do but speak of it, my soul dilates
Beyond her proper self; and, till I speak,
One moment seems a longer lethargy,
Than five-and-twenty ages had appear'd
To that emprise, that first made Neptune wonder
At Argo's shadow darkening on his flood.

With fixed heed, suspense and motionless,
Wondering I gazed; and admiration still
Was kindled as I gazed. It may not be,
That one, who looks upon that light, can turn
To other object, willingly, his view.
For all the good, that will may covet, there

Paradise

Is summ'd; and all, elsewhere defective found,
Complete. My tongue shall utter now, no more
E'en what remembrance keeps, than could the babe's,
That yet is moisten'd at his mother's breast.
Not that the semblance of the living light
Was changed, (that ever as at first remain'd,)
But that my vision quickening, in that sole
Appearance, still new miracles descried,
And toil'd me with the change. In that abyss
Of radiance, clear and lofty, seem'd, me thought,
Three orbs of triple hue, clipt in one bound:
And, from another, one reflected seem'd,
As rainbow is from rainbow: and the third
Seem'd fire, breathed equally from both. O speech!
How feeble and how faint art thou, to give
Conception birth. Yet this to what I saw
Is less than little. O eternal light!
Sole in thyself that dwell'st; and of thyself
Sole understood, past, present, or to come;
Thou smiledst, on that circling, which in thee
Seem'd as reflected splendour, while I mused;
For I therein, methought, in its own hue
Beheld our image painted: stedfastly
I therefore pored upon the view. As one
Who, versed in geometric lore, would fain
Measure the circle; and, though pondering long
And deeply, that beginning, which he needs,
Finds not: e'en such was I, intent to scan
The novel wonder, and trace out the form,
How to the circle fitted, and therein

Paradise

How placed: but the flight was not for my wing;
Had not a flash darted athwart my mind,
And, in the spleen, unfolded what it sought.

Here vigour fail'd the towering fantasy:
But yet the will roll'd onward, like a wheel
In even motion, by the love impell'd,
That moves the sun in heaven and all the stars.

DANTE: *The Paradiso*, xxx-xxxiii.

THE NEW JERUSALEM

AS JOHN, the Apostle, beheld with sight
So saw I that city of goodly fame,
Jerusalem, New, all royally dight,
As if from Heaven but now it came.
The burg was of burnished gold so bright,
As glittering glass was it all aflame,
Fair gems beneath it gave forth their light,
And pillars twelve did its groundwork frame.
The foundations twelve, full rich they were,
Each slab was wrought of a single stone,
So well doth picture that city fair
In Apocalypse, the Apostle John!

As John, he hath named them, those stones so fair
After his numbering their names I knew,
Jasper it hight, the first gem there,
On the first foundation 't was plain to view.
It glistened green on the lowest stair;
The second was held by Sapphire blue;
A spotless Chalcedony, and rare,
Gleamed on the third with purest hue.
The fourth was Emerald, glowing green,
Sardonyx shone the fifth upon,
The sixth, a Ruby, as well hath seen
In Apocalypse, the Apostle John.

The New Jerusalem

To these John added the Chrysolite,
The seventh gem in foundation stone;
The eighth, the Beryl, so softly bright,
The twin-hued Topaz, the ninth upon.
The tenth, it was Chrysopraseis hight,
The eleventh of Jacinth fair alone,
Then fairest, as blue of Ind its light,
The purple Amethyst gleamed and shone.

Of gleaming Jasper I saw the wall
As it stood those pillars twelve upon.
So well hath he drawn it, I knew it all,
In Apocalypse, the Apostle John!

As John had devisèd I saw the stair,
Broad and steep were its steps, I ween,
The city, it stood above, four square,
In length, breadth, and height was it equal seen.
The streets of gold, as glass they were,
The wall of jasper, with amber sheen,
The walls within, they were decked full fair
With every gem of ray serene.

And every side of this city good
Twelve furlongs full, ere its end were won,
In length, breadth, and height, it equal stood,
As he saw it measured, the Apostle John!

As John hath written, I more might see,
Three gates had that city on every side,
Thus twelve I reckoned, in four times three,
And rich plates they decked each portal wide.

The New Jerusalem

Each gate was a pearl of purity,
A perfect pearl, that shall aye abide,
On each one the name, in right degree,
Of Israel's sons might be there descried.
That is to say, as their birthright bade,
The eldest was writ the first upon,
Such light thro' the ways of that city played
The dwellers they needed nor moon, nor sun!

Of sun nor moon had they never need,
For God Himself was their lamp of light,
The Lamb a lantern, their steps to lead,
Thro' Him all that burg beamed fair and bright.
Thro' wall and dwelling my glance might speed,
So clear was it, naught might impede my sight,
The High Throne there ye well might heed,
With royal apparelling all bedight!
As in the words of Saint John I read,
The High God Himself sat upon that Throne,
A river swift from beneath it sped,
'T was brighter than either sun or moon!

Sun nor moon had so bright a ray
As that flood in the fulness of its flow,
Swift it surged thro' the city's way
Nor mud nor mire did its waters show.
Church therein was there none away,
Chapel nor temple, raised arow,
The Lamb is their sacrifice night and day,
And God for their temple and priest they know.



The Procession from Calvary.

William Blake.

By courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery, London.

. . . Then Pilate commanded the body to be delivered.

Matthew xxvii. 58.



The Entombment.

William Blake, Collection W. Graham Robertson.

And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth.

Matthew xxvii. 59.



Angels Hovering Over the Body of Jesus.

William Blake
Collection Mr. and Mrs. Esmond Morse.

And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment; and they were affrighted.

Mark xvi. 5.



Christ in Limbo.

Fra Angelico, The Academy, Florence.

*I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth :
And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord, Who was conceived by the
Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary, Suffered under Pontius Pilate,
Was crucified, dead and buried : He descended into hell.*

The Apostles' Creed.

The New Jerusalem

Never the gates of that burg they close,
To every lane may a way be won,
But none may enter its fair repose
Who beareth spot, 'neath moon or sun!

For there the moon may not wax in might,
Of substance dark, she yet spots doth bear,
And e'en as that burg ne'er knoweth night
What need for the moon on her course to fare,—
And to measure herself with that goodly light
That beyond the river shineth there?
The planets they be in too poor a plight,
And the sun itself may not make compare!

By that water's course stand trees so fair,
Twelve fruits of life do they bear eftsoon,
Twelve times each year they blossom and bear,
And their fruit waxeth new at every moon!

No spirit of man 'neath the moon's pale rays,
So great a marvel might aye endure,
As when on that burg I fixed my gaze,
So wondrous its fashion, and fair allure!
I stood as still as quail a-daze,
For wonder before that vision pure,
The glamour so ravished me with amaze
Nor rest, nor travail, I felt for sure!

This I dare say in good conscience still,
Had man in the body received that boon,
Tho' all clerks for his care had spent their skill
His life had been forfeit beneath the moon!

The New Jerusalem

E'en as when the moon at her full doth rise
Ere yet hath been lost the gleam of day,
So, sudden, I saw in a wondrous wise
A fair procession that took its way.
This noble city, of rich emprise,
With never summons, with no delay,
Was full of virgins in self-same guise
As my sweet one, in crown of pearly ray.

And each was in self-same fashion crowned,
Bedecked with pearls, in weeds of white,
On each one's breast I saw it bound,
That goodly pearl of fair delight!

They stepped all together in great delight
On the golden ways, by that living stream;
Hundred thousands, I ween, their might,
And their robes did all of one fashion seem.
Who was gladdest, none might discern aright—
With seven horns of red golden beam
The Lamb before them passed—all white
His robes, like precious pearls their gleam.

Toward the Throne on their way they pass,
Tho' many they were, they moved aright,
And thronged not, but meekly as maids at mass
They fared in order, with great delight!

Delight the more at His coming grew
Too great for tongue of man to tell,
The elders all when He nearer drew
Prostrate before the Throne they fell.

The New Jerusalem

Legions of angels the summons knew,
Incense they scattered, of sweetest smell,
Glory and gladness were raised anew,
And joyous songs for that Jewel well.

The strain might smite thro' Earth to Hell
That Virtues, and Powers, in Heaven recite;
To love the Lamb, and His praise to tell,
Therefrom did I win a great delight!

Delight and wonder within me fought
When I fain would picture that Lamb so dear,
Best was He, blithest, most hardly sought,
That ever in words I think to hear.
His vesture of purest white was wrought,
Himself so gentle, His glance so clear;
But a bleeding Wound, and wide, me thought,
Cleft thro' His Side, His Heart anear.

Forth from that Wound the Blood flowed fast,
Alas, I thought who did this despite?
His breast of Hell-fires should feel the blast
Ere that in such doing he found delight!

The Lamb's delight none might doubt, I ween,
Altho' He were hurt, and wounded sore,
In His countenance naught thereof was seen
Of glorious gladness the mien He wore,
I looked upon that host's fair sheen
Dowered with life for evermore,
And lo, I saw there my little queen,
Who, methought, stood e'en on that streamlet's
shore.

The New Jerusalem

Ah, Christ! what gladness and mirth she made
Among her companions she shone so white,
The sight, it urged me the stream to wade
For love, and longing, and great delight!

The Pearl.

IT IS FULL MERRY IN HEAVEN

IN THE night, as this creature¹ lay in bed with her husband, she heard a sound of melody so sweet and delectable, that she thought she had been in Paradise, and therewith she started out of bed and said:

“Alas, that ever I did sin! It is full merry in Heaven.”

This melody was so sweet that it surpassed all melody that ever might be heard in this world, without any comparison, and caused her, when she heard any mirth or melody afterwards, to have full plenteous and abundant tears of high devotion, with great sobbings and sighings after the bliss of Heaven, not dreading the shames and spites of this wretched world. Ever after this inspiration she had in her mind the mirth and the melody that was in Heaven, so much, that she could not well restrain herself from speaking thereof, for whenever she was in any company she would say oftentimes:

“It is full merry in Heaven.”

The Book of Margery Kempe. 1436.

¹i.e. the writer: Margery Kempe.

LOVE WITHOUT END

“**A**ND I saw full surely that ere God made us He loved us; which love was never slacked, nor ever shall be. And in this love is our life everlasting. . . . In our making we had beginning; but the love wherein He made us was in Him without beginning, in which love we have our beginning. And all this shall we see in God, without end.”

DAME JULIA OF NORWICH.

EVEN SUCH IS TIME

Found in his Bible in the Gate-House at Westminster

EVEN such is time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up I trust.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

EASTER SUNDAY

MOST glorious Lord of Life, that on this day,
didst make thy triumph over death and sin:
and having harrowed hell didst bring away
captivitie thence captive, us to win:

This joyous day, deare Lord, with joy begin,
and grant that we for whom thou diddest die,
beeing with thy deare blood cleane washt from sin,
may live for ever in felicitie:

And that thy love we weighing worthily,
may likewise love thee for that same again:
and for thy sake, that all like deare didst buy,
with love may one another entertaine.

So let us love, deare Love, like as we ought,
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

EDMUND SPENSER: *Amoretti and Epithalamion*. 1595.

ETERNAL LOVE

LEAVE me, O love! which reachest but to dust!
And thou, my mind! aspire to higher things!
Grow rich in that, which never taketh rust!
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.

Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be!
Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light
That doth both shine and give us sight to see.

O take fast hold! Let that light be thy guide!
In this small course which birth draws out to death:
And think how evil becometh him to slide
Who seeketh heaven and comes of heavenly breath!
Then farewell, world! Thy uttermost I see!
Eternal Love, maintain Thy love in me!

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY: *Astrophel and Stella*. 1591.

THE DEATH OF DEATH

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Press'd by¹ these rebel powers that thee array,
Why doest thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this the body's end?

Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more;
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Sonnets never before imprinted*. 1609.

¹Line 2. "Press'd by" is the conjecture of Dowden to supply some two words lost. There are other conjectures.

RESURGET FRATER TUUS

IN ACCOUNT there is growing to us by Christ's rising, of matter benefit and comfort: such an one there is and we have touched it before. The hope of gayning a better life, which groweth from Christ rising, is our comfort against the fear of losing this. Thus do we comfort our selves against our deaths. Now blessed be God that hath regenerated us to a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Thus doe we comfort our selves against our friend's death; comfort your selves one another, saith the Apostle with these words: what words bee these? Even those of our Saviour in the Gospell, *Resurget frater tuus*, Thy brother (or thy father, or thy friend) shall rise again. And not only against a death, even against all the miseries of life. It was Job's comfort on the dunghill: well, yet *videbo Deum in carne mea*: I shall see God in my flesh. And not in our miseries alone, but when we doe well and no man respecteth us for it. It is the Apostle's conclusion of the chapter of the resurrection. Bee of good cheer yet, *labor vester non erit inanis in Domino*: your labour is not in vain in the Lord; you shall have your reward at the resurrection of the just. All these waies comfort commeth unto us by it.

LANCELOT ANDREWES: *Sermons*. 1629.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH AFTER DEATH

HERE let my Lord hang up his conquering
launce,
And bloody armour with late slaughter
warme,

And looking downe on his weake Militants,
Behold his Saints, mid'st of their hot alarme,
Hang all their golden hopes upon his arme.

And in this lower field dispacing wide,
Through windie thoughts, that would thei[r] sayles
misguide,
Anchor their fleshly ships fast in his wounded side.

Here may the Band, that now in Tryumph shines,
And that (before they wear invested thus)
In earthly bodies carried heavenly mindes,
Pitcht round about in order glorious,
Their sunny Tents, and houses luminous,
All their eternall day in songs employing,
Joying their ende, without ende of their joying,
While their almightie Prince Destruction is destroying.

Full, yet without satietie, of that
Which whetts, and quiets greedy Appetite,
Whear never Sunne did rise nor ever sat,
But one eternall day, and endless light
Gives time to those, whose time is infinite,

Christ's Triumph After Death

Speaking with thought, obtaining without fee,
Beholding him, whom never eye could see,
And magnifying him, that cannot greater be.

How can such joy as this want words to speake?
And yet what words can speake such joy as this?
Far from the world, that might their quiet breake,
Here the glad Soules the face of beauty kisse,
Powr'd out in pleasure, on their beds of blisse.

And drunk with nectar torrents, ever hold
Their eyes on him, whose graces manifold,
The more they doe behold, the more they would behold.

Their sight drinkes lovely fires in at their eyes,
Their braine sweete incense with fine breath accloyes,
That on God's sweating altar burning lies,
Their hungrie cares feede on their heav'nly noyse,
That Angels sing, to tell their untould joyes;
Their understanding naked Truth, their wills
The all and selfe-sufficient Goodnesse fills,
That nothing here is wanting, but the want of ills.

No Sorrowe nowe hangs clowding on their browe,
No bloodles Maladie empales their face,
No Age drops on their hayrs his silver snowe,
No Nakednesse their bodies doeth embase,
No Povertie themselves, and theirs disgrace,
No feare of death the joy of life devours,
No unchast sleepe their precious time deflowrs,
No losse, no grieve, no change waite on their winged
hour's.

Christ's Triumph After Death

But now their naked bodies skorne the cold,
And from their eyes joy lookes, and laughs at paine,
The Infant wonders how he came so old,
And old man how he came so young againe;
Still resting, though from sleepe they still refraine,
 Whear all are rich, and yet no gold they owe,
 And all are Kings, and yet no Subjects knowe,
All full, and yet no time on foode they doe bestowe.

For things that passe are past, and in this field,
The indeficient Spring no Winter feares,
The Trees together fruit, and blossome yield,
Th' unfading Lilly leaves of silver beares,
And crimson rose a skarlet garment weares:
 And all of these on the Saints bodies growe,
 Not, as they woont, on baser earth belowe;
Three rivers heer of milke, and wine, and honie flowe.

About the holy Cittie rowles a flood
Of moulten chrystall, like a sea of glasse,
On which weake streame a strong foundation stood,
Of living Diamounds the building was,
That all things else, besides it selfe, did passe.
 Her streetes, in stead of stones, the starres did pave,
 And little pearles, for dust, it seem'd to have,
On which soft-streaming Manna, like pure snowe, did
 wave.

In mid'st of this Citie coelestiall,
Whear the eternall Temple should have rose,
Light'ned th' Idea Beatificall:

Christ's Triumph After Death

End and beginning of each thing that growes,
Whose selfe no end, nor yet beginning knowes,
That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to heare,
Yet sees, and heares, and is all-eye, all-eare,
That no whear is contain'd, and yet is every whear.

Changer of all things, yet immutable,
Before and after all, the first, and last,
That mooving all, is yet immoveable,
Great without quantitie, in whose forecast,
Things past are present, things to come are past,
Swift without motion, to whose open eye
The hearts of wicked men unbrested lie,
At once absent, and present to them, farre, and nigh.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light,
No sweet concent, or well-tim'd harmonie,
Ambrosia, for to feast the Appetite,
Or flowrie odour, mixt with spicerie.
No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily,
And yet it is a kinde of inward feast,
A harmony, that sounds within the brest,
An odour, light, embrace, in which the soule doth
rest.

A heav'nly feast, no hunger can consume,
A light unseene, yet shines in every place,
A sound, no time can steale, a sweet perfume,
No windes can scatter, an intire embrace,
That no satietie can ere unlace,

Christ's Triumph After Death

Ingrac't into so high a favour, thear
The Saints, with their Beaw-peers, whole worlds out-
wear,
And things unseene doe see, and things unheard doe hear.

Ye blessed soules, growne richer by your spoile,
Whose losse, though great, is cause of greater gaines,
Here may your weary Spirits rest from toyle,
Spending your endlesse eav'ning, that remaines,
Among those white flocks, and celestiall traines,
That feed upon their Sheapheard's eyes, and frame
That heav'nly musique of so woondrous fame,
Psalming aloude the holy honours of his name.

Had I a voice of steel to tune my song,
Wear every verse as smoothly fil'd as glasse,
And every member turnèd to a tongue,
And every tongue wear made of sounding brasse,
Yet all that skill, and all this strength, alas,
Should it presume to guild, wear misadvis'd,
The place, whear David hath new songs devis'd,
As in his burning throne he sits emparadis'd.

Ah foolish Sheapheards, that wear woont esteem
Your God all rough and shaggy-hair'd to bee;
And yet farre wiser Sheapheards then ye deeme,
For who so poore (though who so rich) as hee,
When, with us hermiting in lowe degree,
He wash't his flocks in Jordans spotles tide,
And, that his deere remembrance aie might bide,
Did to us come, and with us liv'd, and for us di'd?



Christ Appearing to Mary Magdalene.

Titian, The National Gallery, London.

Christ's Triumph After Death

But now so lively colours did embeame
His sparkling forehead, and so shiny rayes
Kindled his flaming locks; that downe did streame
In curles, along his necke, whear sweetly playes
(Singing his wounds of love in sacred layes)

His deerest Spouse, Spouse of the deerest Lover,
Knitting a thousand knots over, and over,
And dying still for love, but they her still recover.

Faire Egliset, that at his eyes doth dresse
Her glorious face, those eyes, from whence are shed
Infinite belamours, whear to express
His love, high God all heav'n as captive leads,
And all the banners of his grace dispreads,
And in those windowes, doth his armes englaze,
And on those eyes, the Angels all doe gaze,
And from those eies, the lights of heav'n do gleane their
blaze.

GILES FLETCHER: *Christ's Victory and Triumph*. 1610.

DEATH, THOU SHALT DIE

DEATH be not proud, though some have called
thee
Mighty and dreadfull, for thou art not soe,
For those whom thou think'st thou dost
overthrow

Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee.
From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,
Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate
men,
And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,
And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,
And better than thy stroake; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

JOHN DONNE: *Divine Poems*. 1633.

TEACH ME HOW TO REPENT

AT THE round earth's imagined corners, blow
Your trumpets, Angells, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of soules, and to your scatter'd bodies goe,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'er throw,
All whom warre, death, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despaire, law, chance, hath slaine, and you whose eyes,
Shall behold God, and never taste deaths woe.

But let them sleepe, Lord, and mee mourne a space,
For, if above all these, my sinnes abound,
'Tis late to aske abundance of thy grace,
When we are there; here on this lowly ground,
Teach me how to repent; for that's as good
As if thou hadst seal'd my pardon with thy blood.

JOHN DONNE: *Divine Poems*. 1633.

NON MORIAR, NON MORIAR

DEATH and Life are in the power of the tongue, says Solomon, in another sense; and in this sense too, if my tongue, suggested by my heart, and by my heart rooted in faith, can say, *non moriar, non moriar*; if I can say (and my conscience do not tell me, that I belie mine own state) if I can say, That the blood of my Saviour runs in my veins, that the breath of his Spirit quickens all my purposes, that all my deaths have their resurrection, all my sins their remorses, all my rebellions their reconciliations, I will hearken no more after this question, as it is intended *de morte naturali*, of a natural death, I know I must die that death, what care I? Nor *de morte spirituali*, the death of sin, I know I do, and shall die so; why despair I? But I will find out another death, *mortem raptus*, a death of rapture, and of ecstasy, that death which St. Paul died more than once, the death which St. Gregory speaks of, *Divina contemplatio quoddam sepulchrum animae*, the contemplation of God and heaven is a kind of burial and sepulchre and rest of the soul; and in this death of rapture and ecstasy, in this death of the contemplation of my interest in my Saviour, I shall find myself and all my sins enterred and entombed in his wounds, and like a Lily in Paradise, out of red earth, I shall see my soul rise out of his blade in a candour, and in an innocence

Non Moriar, Non Moriar

contracted there, acceptable in the sight of his Father.

Though I have been dead in the delight of sin, so that that of St. Paul, *That a widow that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth* be true of my soul that so, *viduatur, gratia mortua*, when Christ is dead, not for the soul but in the soul, that the soul is a widow and no dowager, she hath lost her husband and hath nothing from him; yea, though I have made a covenant with death, and have been in agreement with Hell, and in a vain confidence have said to myself, *that when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come to me*, yet God shall annul that covenant, he shall bring that scourge, that is, some medicinal correction upon me, and so give me a participation of all the stripes of his Son; he shall give me a sweat, that is, some horror, and religious fear, and so give me a participation of his agony; he shall give me a diet, perchance want, and penury, and so a participation of his fasting; and if he draw blood, if he kill me, all this shall be but *mors raptus*, a death of rapture towards him, into a heavenly, and assured contemplation, that I have a part in all his passion, yea such an entire interest in his whole passion, as though all that he did, or suffered, had been done, and suffered for my soul alone; *Quasi moriens, et ecce vivo*: Some show of death I shall have, for I shall sin; and some show of death again, for I shall have a dissolution of this tabernacle; *sed ecce vivo*, still the Lord of life will keep me alive, and that with an *ecce*, behold, I live; that is, he will declare, and manifest my blessed state to me; I

Non Moriar, Non Moriar

shall not sit in the shadow of death; no nor I shall not sit in darkness; his gracious purpose shall evermore be upon me, and I shall ever discern that gracious purpose of his; I shall not die, nor shall I not doubt that I shall; if I be dead within doors, (if I have sinned in my heart) why, *suscitavit in domo*, Christ gave a resurrection to the ruler's daughter within doors, in the house; if I be dead in the gate, (if I have sinned in the gates of my soul), in mine eyes, or ears, or hands, in actual sins, why, *suscitavit in porta*, Christ gave a resurrection to the young man at the gate of Naim. If I be dead in the grave, (in customary, and habitual sins) why, *suscitavit in sepulchro*, Christ gave a resurrection to Lazarus in the grave too. If God give me *mortem raptus*, a death of rapture, or ecstasy, of fervent contemplation of Christ Jesus, a transfusion, a transplantation, a transmigration, a transmutation into him, (for good digestion brings always assimilation, certainly, if I come to a true meditation upon Christ, I come to a conformity with Christ), this is principally that *Pretiosa mors sanctorum*, *Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints*, by which they are dead and buried, and risen again in Christ Jesus: precious is that death, by which we apply that precious blood to ourselves, and grow strong enough by it, to meet David's question, *Quis homo?* What man? with Christ's answer, *Ego homo*, I am the man, in whom whosoever abideth, shall not see death.

JOHN DONNE: *Sermons*, 1640.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY

HOW shall the dead arise, is no question of my Faith; to believe only possibilities, is not Faith, but mere Philosophy; many things are true in Divinity, which are neither inducible by Reason, nor confirmable by Sense; and many things in Philosophy confirmable by Sense, yet not inducible by Reason. Thus it is impossible by any solid or demonstrative reasons to persuade a man to believe the conversion of the Needle to the North; though this be possible and true and easily credible, upon a single experiment unto the sense. I believe that our estranged and divided Ashes shall unite again; that our separated Dust after so many Pilgrimages and transformations into the parts of Minerals, Plants, Animals, Elements, shall at the voice of God return into their primitive shapes, and joyn again to make up their primary and predestinate forms. As at the Creation was a separation of that confused mass into its species; so at the destruction thereof there shall be a separation into its distinct Individuals. As at the Creation of the World, all the distinct species that we behold, lay involved in one Mass, till the fruitful Voice of God separated this united multitude into its several species: so at the last day, when those corrupted reliques shall be scattered in the Wilderness of Forms, and seem to have forgot their proper habits,

The Resurrection of the Body

God by a powerful Voice shall command them back into their proper shapes and call them out by their single individuals: Then shall appear the fertility of Adam, and the Magick of that Sperm that hath dilated into so many millions. I have often beheld as a Miracle, that artificial Resurrection and Revivication of a Mercury, how being mortified into a thousand shapes it assumes again its own, and returns into its numerical self. Let us speak naturally, and like Philosophers, the forms of alterable bodies in their sensible corruptions perish not; nor as we imagine wholly quit their mansions, but retire and contract themselves into their secret and inaccessible parts, where they may best protect themselves from the Action of their Antagonist. A Plant or Vegetable consumed to Ashes to a contemplative and School-Philosopher seems utterly destroyed, and the form to have taken his leave for ever; but to a sensible Artist the forms are not perished, but withdrawn into their incombustible part, where they lie secure from the Action of that devouring Element. This is made good by experience, which can from the Ashes of a Plant revive the Plant, and from its Cinders recall it into its Stalk and Leaves again. What the Art of man can do in these inferior pieces, what blasphemy is it to affirm the Finger of God cannot do in these more perfect and sensible structures. This is that mystical Philosophy, from whence no true Scholar becomes an Atheist, but from the visible effects of nature grows up a real Divine, and beholds, not in a Dream, as Ezekiel, but in an ocular and visible object, the Types of Resurrection.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE: *Religio Medici*. 1642-3.

THE METAPHYSICS OF TRUE BELIEF

IN vain do individuals hope for Immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the Moon: Men have been deceived even in their flatteries above the Sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various Cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations; *Nimrod* is lost in *Orion*, and *Osyris* in the Doggestarre. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we finde they are but like the Earth; Durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts: whereof beside Comets and new Stars, perspectives begin to tell tales. And the spots that wander about the Sun, with *Phaetons* favour, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortall, but immortality; whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end. All others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction, which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy it self; And the highest strain of omnipotency to be so powerfully constituted, as not to suffer even from the power of it self. But the sufficiency of Christian Immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death, makes a folly of posthumous memory. God who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our

The Metaphysics of True Belief

bodies or names, hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance that the boldest Expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence, seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a Noble Animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing Nativities and Deaths with equall lustre, nor omitting Ceremonies of bravery, in the infamy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible Sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like *Sardanapalus*, but the wisdom of funeral Laws found the folly of prodigall blazes, and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an Urne.

Five Languages secured not the Epitaph of *Gordianus*; The man of God lives longer without a Tomb then any by one, invisibly interred by Angels, and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some marks directing humane discovery. *Enoch* and *Elias* without either tomb or buriall, in an anomalous state of being, are the great Examples of perpetuity, in their long and living memory, in strict account being still on this side death, and having a late part yet to act upon this stage of earth. If in the decretory term of the world we shall not all dye but be changed, according to received translation; the last day will make but few graves; at least quick Resurrections will anticipate lasting Sepultures; Some Graves will be opened before they be quite closed, and *Lazarus* be no

The Metaphysics of True Belief

wonder. When many that feared to dye shall groane that they can dye but once, the dismal state is the second and living death, when life puts despair on the damned; when men shall wish the coverings of Mountaines, not of Monuments, and annihilation shall be courted . . .

To subsist in lasting Monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names and prædicament of *Chymera's*, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their *Elyziums*. But all this is nothing in the Metaphysicks of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope but an evidence in noble believers; 'Tis all one to lye in St. *Innocents* Churchyard, as in the Sands of *Ægypt*: Ready to be anything, in the exstasie of being ever, and as content with six foot as the Moles of Adrianus.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE: *Urne Buriall*. 1658.

AD COENAM AGNI PROVIDI

THE Lamb's high banquet doth invite
Our souls array'd in garments white;
Let us whom thro' the sea He led,
Rejoice in song to Christ our head.

Whose holiest body on the rood
Parchèd in death to be our food,
And for our wine his life-red blood
Tasting again we live in God.

'Twas He that on our Easter night
Twin'd the destroying angels' might;
From Pharaoh's bondage tyrannous
For evermore deliver'd us.

Now Christ our sacrifice shall be,
Our spotless paschal Lamb is He;
And He our pure unleaven'd bread
Himself for us is offerèd.

O true and worthy victim Thou
By whom hell's power is broken now,
By whom thy captive folk set free
Return to life and liberty.

Ad Coenam Agni Providi


See, Christ arising from the tomb
Comes crown'd with glory out of gloom.
Our tyrant for He hath enchain'd,
And Paradise for man regain'd.

To Thee, O Christ, be glory paid,
Who hast arisen from the dead;
Thee with the Father we adore
And Holy Spirit evermore.

Amen.

From the Latin: *Yattendon Hymnal*. 1899.

THE RISEN CHRIST OUR HOPE

F ALL that be Christians Christ is the hope: but not every Christ every way considered; but as risen. Even in Christ unrisen there is no hope. Well doth the Apostle begin here, and, when he would open to us a gate of hope, carry us to Christ's Sepulchre empty to shew us, and to hear the Angel say, *He is risen*. Thence after to deduce: if He were able to do this much for Himself, He hath promised us as much, and will do as much for us. We shall be restored to life.

THOMAS FULLER.

ETERNITY



YEARS! and age! farewell:
Behold, I go
Where I do know
Infinity to dwell.

And these mine eyes shall see
All times, how they
Are lost i' the sea
Of vast eternity.

Where never moon shall sway
The stars; but she
And night shall be
Drown'd in one endless day.

ROBERT HERRICK: *Hesperides and Noble Numbers*. 1648.

ON HEAVEN

PERMIT mine eyes to see
Part, or the whole, of Thee,
O happy place!
Where all have grace
And garlands shar'd,
For their reward;
Where each chaste soul,
In long white stole
And palms in hand,
Do ravish'd stand;
So, in a ring,
The praises sing
Of Three in One
That fill the Throne;
While harps and viols then
To voices say, Amen.

ROBERT HERRICK: *Hesperides and Noble Numbers*. 1648.



The Resurrection.

Giovanni Bellini, Berlin Museum.

*The third day He rose again from the dead, He ascended into heaven,
And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty.*

The Apostles' Creed.



The Resurrection of Christ.

Fra Angelico, San Marco, Florence.

*They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not
where they have laid him.*

John xx. 2.



The Resurrection.

Piero della Francesca, Borgo S. Sepolcro.

He is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee, Saying, The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again.

Luke xxiv. 6-7.

The Resurrection of Christ.
Titian, State Gallery, Urbino.
*For as yet they knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from
the dead.*
John xx. 9.



THE SUM AND THE SATISFACTION

LAST night I drew up mine account,
And found my debits to amount
To such a height, as for to tell
How I should pay's impossible.
Well, this I'll do: my mighty score
Thy mercy-seat I'll lay before;
But therewithal I'll bring the band
Which in full force did daring stand.
Till my Redeemer, on the tree,
Made void for millions, as for me.
Then, if thou bidst me pay, or go
Unto the prison, I'll say, no;
Christ having paid, I nothing owe:
For this is sure, the debt is dead
By law, the bond once cancellèd.

ROBERT HERRICK: *Hesperides and Noble Numbers*. 1648

THE WHITE ISLAND:
OR PLACE OF THE BLEST

IN THIS world, the Isle of Dreams,
While we sit by sorrow's streams,
Tears and terrors are our themes

Reciting:

But when once from hence we fly,
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young Eternity

Uniting:

In that whiter Island, where
Things are evermore sincere;
Candour here, and lustre there

Delighting:

There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of Hell and horror call,
To create, or cause at all,

Affrighting.

There in calm and cooling sleep
We our eyes shall never steep;
But eternal watch shall keep,

Attending

Pleasures such as shall pursue
Me immortalised, and you;
And fresh joys, as never to
Have ending.

ROBERT HERRICK: *Hesperides and Noble Numbers.* 1648.

EASTER

RISE heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
Without delayes,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With him may'st rise:

That as his death calcinèd thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more just.

Awake my lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art.

The crosse taught all wood to resound his name,
Who bore the same.

His stretchèd sinews taught all strings, what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both harp and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long!

Or, since all music is but three parts vied
And multiplied,

O let thy spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

.
I got me flowers to straw thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

Easter

The Sunne arising in the East,
Though he give light, and the East perfume;
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising they presume.

Can there be any day but this
Though many sunnes to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we misse:
There is but one, and that one ever.

GEORGE HERBERT: *The Temple*. 1633.

EASTER HYMN

DEATH and darkness get you packing,
Nothing now to man is lacking,
All your triumphs now are ended,
And what *Adam* marr'd is mended;

Graves are beds now for the weary,
Death a nap, to wake more merry;
Youth now, full of pious duty,
Seeks in thee for perfect beauty,
The weak and aged, tir'd with length
Of days, from thee look for new strength,
And infants with thy pangs Contest,
As pleasant as if—with the breast;
Then unto him who thus hath thrown
Even to Contempt thy kingdom down,
And by his blood did us advance
Unto his own inheritance,
To him be glory, power, praise,
From this unto the last of days.

HENRY VAUGHAN: *Silex Scintillans*. 1650.

THEY ARE ALL GONE INTO THE
WORLD OF LIGHT

THEY are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingring here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy brest
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
After the Sun's remove.

I see them walking in an Air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Meer glimering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility,
High as the Heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have shew'd them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death! the Jewel of the Just,
Shining no where, but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust;
Could man outlook that mark!

They are all gone into the World of Light

He that hath found some fledg'd birds nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair Well, or Grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep;
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted theams,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confin'd into a Tomb
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lockt her up gives room,
She'l shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective (still) as they pass,
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN: *Silex Scintillans*. 1650.

EASTER DAY

RISE, Heir of fresh Eternity,
From thy Virgin Tomb:
Rise mighty man of wonders, and thy world
with thee,

Thy tomb, the universal East,
Nature's new womb,
Thy tomb, fair Immortalities perfumed Nest.

Of all the Glories make Noone gay
This is the Morn.
This rock buds forth the fountaine of the streams of
Day,
In Joy's white Annals lives this hour,
When life was born,
No clouds scowl on his radiant lids, no tempest lowre.

Life, by this light's Nativity,
All creatures have.
Death only by this Day's just Doom is forc'd to die;
Nor is Death forc'd; for may he lie
Thron'd in thy grave;
Death will on this condition be content to die.

RICHARD CRASHAW: *Steps to the Temple*. 1646.

ON TIME

TLY envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For whenas each thing bad thou hast entomb'd
And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When everything that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of him, t'whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall clime,
Then all this earthly grossness quit,
Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee O Time.

JOHN MILTON: *Poems Upon Several Occasions*. 1645.

THE BLEST KINGDOM OF JOY
AND LOVE

WEEP no more, woeful shepherds, weep no
more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the daystar in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with newspangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt do good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

JOHN MILTON: *Lycidas*. 1638.

MAN SHALL FIND GRACE

“**F**ATHER, thy word is passed, Man shall find grace;
And shall Grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy wingèd messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor’d, unsought?
Happy for Man, so coming! He her aid
—Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost—
Atonement for himself or offering meet,
Indebted, and undone, hath none to bring.
Behold Me then, Me for him, life for life
I offer, on Me let thine anger fall;
Account Me Man: I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to Thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die
Well pleas’d, on Me let DEATH wreak all his rage;
Under his gloomy pow’r I shall not long
Lie vanquish’d; Thou hast giv’n Me to possess
Life in My self for ever, by Thee I live,
Though now to DEATH I yield, and am his due
All that of Me can die; yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave Me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer My unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell:
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoil’d of his vaunted spoil,

Man shall find Grace

Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.

I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead hell captive, maugre hell! and show
The Pow'rs of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
Pleas'd, out of heaven shalt look down and smile,
While by Thee rais'd I ruin all My foes,
DEATH last, and with his carcase glut the grave;
Then with the multitude of My redeem'd
Shall enter heav'n long absent, and return,
FATHER, to see Thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd
And reconciliation; wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in Thy presence joy entire."

His words here ended, but His meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shone
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of His great FATHER. Admiration seiz'd
All heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend
Wond'ring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd:

" O Thou in heav'n and earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath, O Thou
My sole complacency! well Thou know'st how dear
To Me are all My works, nor Man the least
Though last created, that for him I spare
Thee from My bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing Thee a-while, the whole race lost.

Man shall find Grace

Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem,
Their nature also to Thy nature join;
And be Thy self Man among men on earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin-seed,
By wond'rous birth: be Thou in ADAM's room
The head of all mankind, though ADAM's son.
As in him perish all men, so in Thee,
As from a second root, shall be restor'd
As many as are restor'd, without Thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his sons, Thy merit
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in Thee transplanted, and from Thee
Receive new life. So man, as is most just,
Shall satisfie for man, be judg'd and die,
And dying rise, and rising with Him raise
His brethren, ransom'd with His own dear life.
So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt Thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade Thine own.
Because Thou hast, tho' thron'd in highest bliss
Equal to GOD, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found
By merit more than birthright SON of GOD,
Found worthiest to be so by being good,

Man shall find Grace

Far more than great or high; because in Thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,
Therefore Thy humiliation shall exalt
With Thee Thy manhood also to his throne,
Here shalt Thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
Both GOD and MAN, SON both of GOD and MAN,
Anointed Universal King, all pow'r
I give Thee, reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits; under Thee, as head supreme
Thrones, Princedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions I reduce:
All knees to Thee shall bow, of them that 'bide
In heav'n, or earth, or under earth in hell;
When Thou attended gloriously from heav'n
Shalt in the sky appear, and from Thee send
The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal: forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages to the general doom
Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge
Bad men and Angels, they arraign'd shall sink
Beneath Thy sentence; hell (her numbers full),
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean-while
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New heav'n and earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then Thou Thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre then no more shall need;

Man shall find Grace

GOD shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,
Adore Him, who to compass all this dies,
Adore the SON, and honour Him as Me."

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of Angels with a shout
Loud, as from numbers without number; sweet,
As from blest voices utt'ring joy, heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd
Th' eternal regions. Lowly reverent
Tow'rd's either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold,
Immortal amarant, a flow'r which once
In Paradise fast by the Tree of Life
Began to bloom, but soon for man's offense
To heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,
And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life;
And where the river of bliss thro' midst of heav'n
Rowls o'er ELYSIAN flow'rs her amber stream;
With these that never fade the spirits elect,
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams;
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shon
Impurpled with coelestial roses smil'd.
Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glitt'ring by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;

Man shall find Grace

No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in heav'n.
Thee FATHER first they sung, Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King! Thee Author of all Being,
Fountain of Light, Thy self invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and thro' a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright, thy skirts appear,
Yet dazzle heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee next they sung of all creation first,
Begotten SON, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud
Made visible, th' Almighty FATHER shines,
Whom else no creature can behold, on Thee
Impress'd th' effulgence of his glory abides,
Transfus'd on Thee his ample SPIRIT rests.
He heav'n of heav'ns and all the pow'rs therein,
By Thee created; and by Thee threw down
Th' aspiring Dominations: Thou that day
Thy FATHER's dreadful thunder did'st not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook
Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid.
Back from persuit thy Pow'rs with loud acclaim
Thee only extoll'd, SON of Thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on His foes,

Man shall find Grace

Not so on Man: him thro' their malice fall'n,
FATHER of mercy and grace, Thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pity incline.
No sooner did Thy dear and only SON
Perceive Thee purpos'd not to doom frail man
So strictly, but much more to pity inclin'd,
He to appease Thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy and justice in Thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the bliss wherein He sat
Second to Thee, offer'd Himself to die
For Man's offense. O unexampl'd love,
Love no where to be found less than Divine!
Hail SON of GOD, Saviour of men! Thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp Thy praise
Forget, nor from Thy FATHER's praise disjoin.

JOHN MILTON: *Paradise Lost*, III. 1667.

THE EARTH SHALL ALL BE PARADISE

THEN to the heav'n of heav'ns He shall ascend
With victory, triumphing through the air
Over His foes and thine; there shall surprise
The serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
Thro' all his realm, and there confounded leave:
Then enter into glory, and resume
His seat at GOD's right hand, exalted high
Above all names in heav'n: and thence shall come,
When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory and pow'r to judge both quick and dead:
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
Whether in heav'n or earth, for then the earth
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
Than this of EDEN, and far happier days.

JOHN MILTON: *Paradise Lost*, XII. 1667.

OLD AGE

THE seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more.
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made:
Stronger by weakness wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

EDMUND WALLER: *Divine Poems*. 1685.

THE MANSIONS WHERE WE SHALL SING AND FEAST

AND yet I remember that the most excellent prince Cyrus, in his last exhortation to his sons, upon his death-bed, charms them into peace and union of hearts and designs by telling them that his soul would be still alive, and therefore fit to be revered and accounted as awful and venerable as when he was alive. And what we do to our dead friends is not done to persons undiscerning as a fallen tree, but to such who better attend to their relatives, and to greater purposes, though in other manner, than they did here below: and therefore those wise persons who in their funeral orations made their doubt, with an *εἰ τις ἀίσθησις τοῖς τετελευτηκόσι περὶ τῶν ἐνθαδε γιγνομένων* “if the dead have any perception of what is done below”, which are in the words of Isocrates in the funeral encomium of Evagoras, did it upon the uncertain opinion of the soul’s immortality; but made no question, if they were living, they did also understand what could concern them. The same words Nazianzen uses at the exequies of his sister Gorgonia, and in the former invective against Julian: but this was upon another reason; even because it was uncertain what the state of separation was, and whether our dead perceive anything of us till we shall meet in the day of

The Mansions where we shall Sing and Feast

judgment. If it was uncertain then, it is certain, since that time we have had no new revelation concerning it; but it is ten to one that when we die we shall find the state of affairs wholly differing from all our opinions here, and that no man or sect hath guessed anything at all of it as it is. Here I intend not to dispute, but to persuade; and therefore in the general, if it be probable that they know or feel the benefits done to them, though but by a reflex revelation from God, or some under-communication from an angel, or the stock of acquired notices here below, it may the rather endear us to our charities or duties to them respectively; since our virtues use not to live upon abstractions, and metaphysical perfections, or inducements, but then thrive when they have material arguments, such which are not too far from sense. However it be, it is certain they are not dead; and though we no more see the souls of our dead friends than we did when they were alive, yet we have reason to believe them to know more things and better: and if our sleep be an image of death, we may also observe concerning it, that it is a state of life so separate from communications with the body, that it is one of the ways of oracle and prophecy by which the soul best declares her immortality, and the nobleness of her actions and powers if she could get free from the body, as in the state of separation, or a clear dominion over it, as in the resurrection. To which also this consideration may be added, that men a long time live the life of sense before they use their reason; and till they have furnished their head with experiments

The Mansions where we shall Sing and Feast

and notices of many things, they cannot at all discourse of any thing: but when they come to use their reason, all their knowledge is nothing but remembrance; and we know by proportions, by similitudes and dissimilitudes, by relations and oppositions, by causes and effects, by comparing things with things; all which are nothing but operations of understanding upon the stock of former notices, of something we knew before, nothing but remembrances: all the heads of topics, which are the stock of all arguments and sciences in the world, are a certain demonstration of this; and he is the wisest man that remembers most, and joins those remembrances together to the best purposes of discourse. From whence it may not be improbably gathered, that in the state of separation, if there be any act of understanding, that is, if the understanding be alive, it must be relative to the notices it had in this world, and therefore the acts of it must be discourses upon all the parts and persons of their conversation and relation: excepting only such new revelations which may be communicated to it; concerning which we know nothing. But if by seeing Socrates I think upon Plato, and by seeing a picture I remember a man, and by beholding two friends I remember my own and my friend's need; and he is wisest that draws most lines from the same centre, and most discourses from the same notices: it cannot but be very probable to believe, since the separate souls understand better if they understand at all, that from the notices they carried from hence and what they find there equal or unequal to those notices, they can better

The Mansions where we shall Sing and Feast

discover the things of their friends than we can here by our conjectures and craftiest imaginations: and yet many men here can guess shrewdly at the thoughts and designs of such men with whom they discourse, or of whom they have heard, or whose characters they prudently have perceived.—I have no other end in this discourse, but that we may be engaged to do our duty to our dead; lest peradventure they should perceive our neglect, and be witnesses of our transient affections and forgetfulness. Dead persons have religion passed upon them, and a solemn reverence: and if we think a ghost beholds us, it may be we have upon us the impressions likely to be made by love, and fear, and religion. However, we are sure that God sees us, and the world sees us; and if it be matter of duty towards our dead, God will exact it; if it be matter of kindness, the world will: and as religion is the band of that, so fame and reputation is the endearment of this.

It remains that we who are alive should so live, and by the actions of religion attend the coming of the day of the Lord, that we neither be surprised, nor leave our duties imperfect, nor our sins uncanceled, nor our persons unreconciled, nor God unappeased; but that, when we descend to our graves, we may rest in the bosom of the Lord, till the mansions be prepared where we shall sing and feast eternally. Amen.

JEREMY TAYLOR: *Holy Dying*. 1651.

THE CITY SHONE LIKE THE SUN

SO I saw that when they awoke, they addressed themselves to go up to the City. But as I said, the reflections of the Sun upon the City (for the City was pure Gold) was so extreamly glorious,

Rev. xxi, 23.

1 Cor. xiii, 12.

that they could not, as yet, with open face behold it, but through an *Instrument* made for that purpose. So I saw, that as they went on, there met them two men, in Raiment that shone like Gold, also their faces shone as the light.

These Men asked the Pilgrims whence they came? and they told them. They also asked them, where they had lodged, what difficulties, and dangers, what comforts, and pleasures they had met in the way? and they told them. Then said the men that met them, You have but two difficulties more, to meet with, and then you are in the City.

Christian then and his Companion asked the men to go along with them, so they told them they would, but said they, you must obtain it by your own Faith. So I saw in my Dream that they went on together till they came in sight of the Gate.

Now I further saw, that betwixt them and the Gate was a River, but there was no Bridge to go over; the River was very deep: at the sight therefore of this River, the Pilgrims were much

Death.

The City Shone like the Sun

stunned, but the men that went with them, said, you must go through, or you cannot come at the Gate.

The Pilgrims then began to enquire if there was no other way to the Gate; to which they answered, Yes, but there hath not any save two, to wit, *Enoch* and *Elijah*, been permitted to tread that path, since the foundation of the World, nor shall, until the last Trumpet shall sound. The Pilgrims

Death is not welcome to nature, though by it we pass out of this World into Glory. 1 Cor. xv, 51, 52.

then, especially *Christian*, began to despond in his mind, and looked this way and that, but no way could be found by them, by which they might escape the River. Then they asked the men if the waters were all

of a depth? they said no; yet they could not help them in that case; for, said they, *You shall find it deeper, or shallower, as you Believe in the King of the place.*

Angels help us not comfortably through Death.

They then addressed themselves to the Water, and entering, *Christian* began to sink, and crying out to his good friend *Hopeful*, he said, I sink in deep waters, the Billows go over my head, all his Waves go over me, *Selah*.

Then said the other, be of good cheer my Brother, I feel the bottom, and it is good. Then said *Christian*,

Christian's conflict at the hour of Death.

Ah my friend, the sorrows of Death hath compassed me about, I shall not see the Land that flows with Milk and Honey.

And with that a great darkness and horror fell upon *Christian*, so that he could not see before him. Also

The City Shone like the Sun

here he in great measure lost his senses, so that he could neither remember nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments that he had met in the way of his Pilgrimage. But all the words that he spake still tended to discover that he had horror of mind, and heart-fears that he should die in that River, and never obtain entrance in at the Gate. Here also, as they that stood by perceived, he was much in the troublesome thoughts of the sins that he had committed, both since and before he began to be a Pilgrim. 'Twas also observ'd, that he was troubled with apparitions of Hobgoblins and evil Spirits; for ever and anon he would intimate so much by words. *Hopeful* therefore here had much ado to keep his Brother's Head above water, yea sometimes he would be quite gone down, and then, ere a while, would rise up again half dead. *Hopeful* also would endeavour to comfort him, saying, Brother, I see the Gate and Men standing by to receive us, but *Christian* would answer, 'Tis you, 'tis you they wait for; You have been *Hopeful* ever since I knew you; and so have you, said he to *Christian*. Ah Brother, said he, surely, If I was right, he would now arise to help me, but for my sins he hath brought me into the Snare, and hath left me. Then said *Hopeful*, My Brother, you have quite forgot the Text, where it is said of the wicked, *There is no band in their death, but their strength is firm, they are not troubled as other men, neither are they plagued like other men*. These troubles and distresses that you go through in these Waters, are no sign that God hath forsaken you, but are sent to try you, whether you will call to mind that

The City Shone like the Sun

which heretofore you have received of his goodness, and live upon him in your distresses.

Then I saw in my Dream that *Christian* was in a muse a while, to whom also *Hopeful* added this word, *Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.* And with that

Christian brake out with a loud voice, Oh

Christian delivered from his tears in Death.

I see him again! and he tells me, *When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the Rivers they shall not overflow thee.* Then they both took courage,

and the Enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. *Christian* therefore presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed, that the rest of the River was but shallow; Thus they got over. Now upon the bank of the River on the other

The Angels do wait for them so soon as they are passed out of this world. They have put off mortality.

side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them. Wherefore being come out of the River, they saluted them saying, *We are Ministering Spirits, sent forth to Minister for those that shall be heirs of Salvation.* Thus they went along towards

the Gate, now you must note that the City stood upon a mighty hill, but the Pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; also they had left their *mortal* Garments behind them in the River: for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the City was framed, was higher than the clouds. They therefore went up through

The City Shone like the Sun

the Region of the Air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted, because they safely got over the River, and had such glorious Companions to attend them.

The talk that they had with the shining Ones was about the glory of the place, who told them, that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. There, said

Heb. xii, 22, 23,

24

Rev. ii, 7

Rev. iii, 4

they, is the Mount *Sion*, the heavenly *Jerusalem*, the innumerable company of

Angels, and the Spirits of Just men made

perfect. You are going now, said they,

to the Paradise of God, wherein you shall see the Tree of Life, and eat of the never fading fruits thereof. And when you come there, you shall have white Robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the

Rev. xxi, 4

King, even all the days of eternity. There

you shall not see again, such things as you saw when you were in the lower Region upon the earth, to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction and death; *for the*

former things are passed away. You are go-

Isa. lvii, 1, 2

Isa. lxxv, 14

ing now to *Abraham*, to *Isaac* and *Jacob*,

and to the Prophets; men that God hath

taken away from the evil to come, and that are now resting upon their Beds, each one walking in his Righteousness. The men then asked, what must we do in

the holy place. To whom it was answered, you must there receive the comforts of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have

Gal. vi, 7

sown, even the fruit of all your Prayers

and Tears, and Sufferings for the King by

the way. In that place you must wear Crowns of Gold,

The City Shone like the Sun

and enjoy the perpetual sight and visions of the *Holy One, for there you shall see him as he is.* There also you

John iii, 2 shall serve him continually with praise,

with shouting and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the World, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing the pleasant voice of the mighty One.

There you shall enjoy your friends again; that are gone thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive, even every one that follows into the Holy place after

1 Thes. iv, 13, you. There also you shall be cloathed with

14, 15, 16 Glory and Majesty, and put into an equipage

Jude 14

Dan. vii, 9, 10 fit to ride out with the King of Glory.

1 Cor. vi, 2, 3 When he shall come with sound of Trumpet

in the Clouds, as upon the Wings of the Wind, you shall come with him, and when he shall sit upon the Throne of Judgment, you shall sit by him; yea, and when he shall pass Sentence upon all the workers of iniquity, let them be Angels or men, you also shall have a voice in that Judgment, because they were his and your enemies. Also when he shall again return to the City, you shall go too, with sound of Trumpet, and be ever with him.

Now while they were thus drawing towards the Gate, behold a company of the Heavenly Host came out to meet them: To whom it was said, by the other two shining Ones; These are the men that have loved our Lord, when they were in the World: and that have left all for his holy Name, and he hath sent us to fetch them,

The City Shone like the Sun

and we have brought them thus far on their desired Journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with Joy. Then, the Heavenly Host gave a great shout, saying, *Blessed are they that are called to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.* There came out also at this

Rev. xix time to meet them, several of the Kings Trumpeters, cloathed in white and shining Raiment, who with melodious noises, and loud, made even the Heavens to echo with their sound. These Trumpeters saluted *Christian* and his Fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the World: and this they did with shouting and sound of Trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round on every side: Some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left (as it were to guard them through the upper Regions) continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high; so that the very sight was to them that could behold it, as if Heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus therefore they walked on together, and as they walked, ever and anon these Trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would by mixing their Musick, with looks and gestures, still signifie to *Christian* and his Brother, how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them: and now were these two men, as it were in Heaven, before they came at it; being swallowed up with the sight of Angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here also they had the City it self in view, and they thought they heard all the Bells therein to ring, to welcome them thereto; but above

The City Shone like the Sun

all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there, with such company, and that for ever and ever; Oh! by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed: Thus they came up to the Gate.

Now when they were come up to the Gate, there were written over it in Letters of Gold, *Blessed are they*
Rev. xxii, 14 *that do his Commandments, that they may have right to the Tree of Life; and may enter in through the Gates into the City.*

Then I saw in my Dream, that the shining men bid them call at the Gate; the which when they did, some from above looked over the Gate, to wit, *Enoch, Moses and Elijah, &c.* to whom it was said, These Pilgrims are come from the City of *Destruction*, for the love that they bare to the King of this place: and then the Pilgrims gave in unto them each man his Certificate, which they had received in the beginning; those therefore were carried in to the King, who when he had read them, said, where are the men? to whom it was answered, they are standing without the Gate. The King then commanded to open the Gate, *That the*
Isa. xxvi, 2 *righteous Nation, said he, that keepeth Truth, may enter in.*

Now I saw in my Dream, that these two men went in at the Gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had Raiment put on that shone like Gold. There was also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them; the harps to praise withal, and the Crowns in token of honour: Then I

The City Shone like the Sun

heard in my Dream, that all the Bells in the City rang again for joy; and that it was said unto them, *Enter ye into the joy of our Lord*. I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, *Blessing, Honour, Glory and Power, be to him that sitteth upon the Throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever.*

Rev. v, 13, 14

Now just as the Gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them; and behold, the City shone like the Sun, the Streets also were paved with Gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, Palms in their hands and golden harps to sing praises withal. There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, *Holy, holy, holy is the Lord*. And after that, they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them.

JOHN BUNYAN: *The Pilgrim's Progress*. 1678.



The Angel Rolling Away the Stone from the Sepulchre.

William Blake.

Collection Mr. and Mrs. Esmond Morse.

The angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

Matthew xxviii. 2.



The Angel Appearing to the Three Marys at the Sepulchre.

William Blake.

Collection W. Graham Robertson.

And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments: And as they were afraid, and bowed their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen. Luke xxiv. 4-6.



Christ Appearing to Mary Magdalene.

Albert Pinkham Ryder.
By courtesy of the Smithsonian Institute,
Washington. The John Gellaly Collection.

And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. . . . Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master.

John xx. 14, 16.



Christ Appearing to Mary Magdalene.

Correggio. Prado Museum, Madrid.

Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God.

John xx. 17.

RENEWED IN CHRIST

AFTER the same sort shall we be renewed by Christ in another life, and we shall know our parents, wives, children, &c. much more perfectly than *Adam* did then know *Eve*. Yea, and Angels as well as Saints, will be our blessed acquaintance and sweet associates. We have every one now our own Angels, there beholding our Fathers face: And those who now are willingly ministring Spirits for our good, will willingly then be our companions in joy for the perfecting of our good: And they who had such joy in Heaven for our Conversion, will gladly rejoyce with us in our Glorification. I think Christian, this will be a more honourable Assembly, than you ever here have beheld: and a more happy Society than you were ever of before. Surely *Brook*, and *Pim*, and *Hambden*, and *White*, &c. are now members of a more knowing, unerring, well-ordered, right-ayming, self-denying, unanimous, honourable, Triumphant Senate, then this from whence they were taken is, or ever Parliament will be. It is better be door-keeper to that Assembly, whither *Twisse*, &c. are translated, than to have continued here the Moderator of this. That is the true *Parliamentum Beatum*, the blessed Parliament, and that is the only Church that cannot erre. Then we shall truly say as *David*, I am a companion of all them that fear thee: When we are come to Mount *Sion*, the City of the living God, the Heavenly *Jerusalem*, and to an innumerable company of Angels: to

Renewed in Christ

the General Assembly and Church, of the firstborn, which are written in Heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the Spirits of just men made perfect, and to *Jesus* the Mediator of the new Covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling: We are come thither already in respect of Title, and of earnest and first fruits; but we shall then come into the full possession. O Beloved, if it be a happiness, to live with the Saints in their imperfection, when they have sinned to imbecility, as well as holiness to sweeten their society, what will it be to live with them in their perfection, where Saints are wholly and only Saints? If it be a delight to hear them pray or preach; what will it be to hear them praise? If we thought ourselves in the Suburbs of Heaven, when we heard them set forth the beauty of our Lord, and speak of the Excellencies of the Kingdom; what a day will it be, when we shall join with them in praises to our Lord, in, and for that Kingdom! Now we have corruption, and they have corruption; and we are apter to set a work each others corruption, than our Graces; and so lose the benefit of their company, while we do enjoy it, because we know not how to make use of a Saint: But then it will not be so. Now we spend many an hour which might be profitable, in a dull silent looking on each other, or else in vain and common confidence: But then it will not be so. Now the best do know but in part, and therefore can instruct and help us but in part: But then we shall with them make up one perfect man. So then I conclude. This is one singular excellency of the Rest of Heaven, *That we are fellow citizens with the Saints, and of the household of God*, Ephes. ii. 19.

RICHARD BAXTER: *Saints Everlasting Rest.* 1650.

THE ISLANDS OF THE BLEST

THERE fetched a deep sigh: "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more . . . on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated any part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony

The Islands of the Blest

of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain who has such an eternity reserved for him."

ADDISON: *The Spectator*. 1711.

THE GREAT TEACHER DEATH

HOPE humbly then; with trembling pinions
soar;
Wait the great teacher death, and God
adore.

What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire;
He asks no angel's wings, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

ALEXANDER POPE: *Essay on Man*. 1733.

HOPE AND FEAR

WHERE then shall Hope and Fear their object find?

Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,

Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?

Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,

No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?

Enquirer cease: petitions yet remain

Which Heaven may hear, nor deem Religion
vain.

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,

But leave to Heaven the measure and the
choice.

Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar

The secret ambush of a specious prayer;

Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,

Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.

Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,

And strong devotion to the skies aspires,

Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,

Obedient passions and a will resign'd;

For love, which scarce collective man can fill;

For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;

For faith, that panting for a happier seat,

Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat.

Hope and Fear

These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods he grants who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

SAMUEL JOHNSON: *The Vanity of Human Wishes*. 1749.

NO MORE GRIEF OR SEPARATION

TO BRING life and immortality to light; to give such proofs of our future existence as may influence the most narrow mind, and fill the most capacious intellect; to open prospects beyond the grave, in which thoughts may expatiate without obstruction; and to supply a refuge and support to the mind amidst all the miseries of decaying nature, is the peculiar excellence of the gospel of Christ. Without this heavenly instructor, he who feels himself sinking under the weight of years, or melting away by the slow waste of a lingering disease, has no other remedy than obdurate patience, a gloomy resignation to that which cannot be avoided; and he who follows his friend, or whoever there is yet dearer than a friend, to the grave, can have no other consolation than that which he derives from the general misery; the reflection, that he suffers only what the rest of mankind must suffer; a poor consolation, which rather awes us to silence, than soothes us to quiet, and which does not abate the sense of our calamity though it may sometimes make us ashamed to complain.

But so much is our condition improved by the gospel, so much is the sting of death rebated, that we may now be invited to the contemplation of our mortality as a pleasing employment of the mind, to an exercise

No more Grief or Separation

delightful and recreative, not only when calamity and persecution drive us out from the assemblies of men, and sorrow and woe represent the grave as a refuge and an asylum, but even in the hours of the highest earthly prosperity, when our cup is full, and when we have laid up stores for ourselves, for in him who believes the promise of the Saviour of the world, it can cause no disturbance to remember, that this night his soul may be required of him; and he who suffers one of the sharpest evils which this life can show, amidst all its varieties of misery; he that has lately been separated from the person whom a long participation of good and evil had endeared to him; he who has seen kindness snatched from his arms, and fidelity torn from his bosom; he whose ear is no more to be delighted with tender instruction, and whose virtue shall be no more awakened by the seasonable whispers of mild reproof, may yet look, without horror, on the tomb which encloses the remains of what he loved and honoured, as upon a place which, if it revives the sense of loss, may calm him with the hope of that state in which there shall be no more grief or separation.

SAMUEL JOHNSON: *Sermons*. 1788-9.

A PROSPECT OF HEAVEN MAKES
DEATH EASY

THERE is a land of pure delight
Where Saints immortal reign;
Infinite Day excluding Night,
And Pleasures banish Pain.

There everlasting Spring abides,
And never with'ring Flow'rs:
Death like a narrow Sea divides
This heavenly Land from ours.

Sweet Fields beyond the swelling Flood
Stand drest in living Green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood
While Jordan roll'd between.

But timorous Mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow Sea,
And linger shiv'ring on the Brink,
And fear to launch away.

O could we make our Doubts remove
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbecclouded eyes.

A Prospect of Heaven Makes Death Easy

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landskip o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor Death's cold Flood,
Should fright us from the Shore.

ISAAC WATTS: *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*. 1707.

THE HUMBLE WORSHIP OF HEAVEN

FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The Place of thine Abode,
I'd leave thy earthly Courts and flee
Up to thy Seat, my God!

There all the Heav'nly Hosts are seen,
In shining Ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in
With Wonder and with Love.

Then at thy Feet with awful Fear
Th' adoring Armies fall;
With Joy they shrink to NOTHING there,
Before th' Eternal ALL.

There I would view with all the Host
In Duty and in Bliss,
While LESS THAN NOTHING I could boast,
And VANITY confess.

The more thy Glories strike mine Eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my Joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

ISAAC WATTS: *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*. 1707.

YE GOLDEN LAMPS

YE GOLDEN lamps of Heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames array'd;
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thy aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my Divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

The father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE: *Hymns*. 1755.

O SCENES SURPASSING FABLE



SCENES surpassing fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accomplished bliss! which who
can see,

Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refresh'd with foretaste of the joy?
Rivers of gladness water all the earth,
And clothe all climes with beauty The reproach
Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field
Laughs with abundance; and the land once lean,
Or fertile only in its own disgrace,
Exults to see its thistly curse repeal'd,
The various seasons woven into one,
And that one season an eternal spring,
The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,
For there is none to covet, all are full.
The lion, and the libbard, and the bear
Graze with the fearless flocks; all bask at noon
Together, or all gambol in the shade
Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.
Antipathies are none. No foe to man
Lurks in the serpent now: the mother sees,
And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
Stretched forth to dally with the crested worm,
To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.

O Scenes Surpassing Fable

All creatures worship man, and all mankind
One Lord, one Father. Error has no place:
That creeping pestilence is driven away:
The breath of heaven has chased it. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string,
But all is harmony and love. Disease
Is not: the pure and uncontaminate blood
Holds its due curse, nor fears the frost of age.
One song employs all nations; and all cry,
“Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain for us!”
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain-tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy;
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.
Behold the measure of the promise fill’d;
See Salem built, the labour of a God!
Bright as a sun the sacred city shines;
All kingdoms and all princes of the earth
Flock to that light; the glory of all lands
Flows into her; unbounded is her joy,
And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,
Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there;
The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,
And Saba’s spicy groves, pay tribute there.
Praise is in all her gates; upon her walls
And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,
Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there
Kneels with the native of the furthest West,
And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand,

O Scenes Surpassing Fable

And worships. Her report has travell'd forth
Into all lands. From every clime they come
To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy,
O Sion! an assembly such as earth
Saw never, such as Heaven stoops down to see.
Thus heavenward all things tend. For all were once
Perfect, and all must be at length restor'd.
So God has greatly purpos'd.

W. COWPER: *The Winter Walk at Noon. The Task.* 1785.



The Ascension of Christ.

*William Blake.
Collection W. Graham Robertson.*

SO GOOD MUST BE BETTER

AS I have said, your last letter affected me much. A thousand times have I asked myself, as your tender sympathy led me to do, "why was he taken away?" and I have answered the question as you have done. In fact there is no other answer which can satisfy and lay the mind at rest. Why have we a choice, and a will, and a notion of justice and injustice, enabling us to be moral agents? Why have we sympathies that make the best of us so afraid of inflicting pain and sorrow, which yet we see dealt about so lavishly by the Supreme Governor? Why should our notions of right towards each other, and to all sentient beings within our influence, differ so widely from what appears to be His notion and rule, *if everything were to end here?* Would it not be blasphemy to say that, upon the supposition of the thinking principle being *destroyed by death*, however inferior we may be to the great Cause and Ruler of things, we have *more of love* in our nature than He has? The thought is monstrous; and yet how to get rid of it, except upon the supposition of *another* and a *better world*, I do not see. As to my departed brother, who leads our minds at present to these reflections, he walked all his life pure among many impure. Except a little hastiness of temper, when anything was done in a clumsy or bungling manner, or

So Good must be Better

when improperly contradicted upon occasions of not much importance, he had not one vice of his profession. I never heard an oath, or even an indelicate expression or allusion, from him in my life; his modesty was equal to that of the purest woman. In prudence, in meekness, in self-denial, in fortitude, in just desires and elegant and refined enjoyments, with an entire simplicity of manners, life, and habit, he was all that could be wished for in man; strong in health, and of a noble person, with every hope about him that could render life dear, thinking of, and living only for, others—and we see what has been the end! So good must be better; so high must be destined to be higher.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: *Letter occasioned by the death of
his brother John in 1805.*

THERE IS A GOD, AND A JUST GOD


THERE is no theme more awful than to cast a glance among the clouds and mists which hide the broken extremity of the celebrated bridge of Mirza—yet when every day brings us nearer that termination, one would almost think that our views should become clearer, as the region we are approaching are brought nigher. Alas! it is not so—there is a curtain to be withdrawn—a veil to be rent before we shall see things as they really are. There are few, I trust, who disbelieve the existence of a God; nay, I doubt if at all times, and in all moods, any single individual ever adopted that hideous creed, though some have professed it. With the belief of a Deity, that of the immortality of the soul and of the state of future rewards and punishments is indissolubly linked. More we are not to know; but neither are we prohibited from our attempts, however vain, to pierce the solemn sacred gloom. The expressions used in Scripture are doubtless metaphorical, and for penal fires and heavenly melody only applicable to bodies endowed with senses; and at least till the period of the resurrection of the body, the spirits of men, whether entering in to the perfection of the first is committed to the regions of punishment, are incorporeal. Neither is it to be supposed that the glorified bodies which shall arise on the last day will

There is a God, and a Just God

be capable of the same gross indulgences with which they are now solaced. That the idea of Mahomet's paradise is inconsistent with the purity of our heavenly religion will be readily granted; and see xii Mark 27 Verse. Harmony is obviously chosen as the least corporeal of all gratifications of the sense, and as the type of love, unity, and a state of peace and perfect happiness. But they have a poor idea of the Deity, and the rewards which are destined for the just made perfect, who can only adopt the literal sense of an eternal concert—a never-ending Birthday Ode. I rather suppose there should be understood some commission from the Highest, some duty to discharge with the applause of a satisfied conscience. That the Deity who himself must be supposed to feel love and affection for the beings he has called into existence should delegate a portion of those powers, I for one cannot conceive altogether so wrong a conjecture. We would then find reality in Milton's sublime machinery of the guardian saints or genii of kingdoms. Nay we would approach the Catholic idea of the employment of saints, though without approaching the absurdity of saint-worship which degrades their religion. . . . But it is all speculation, and it is impossible even to guess what we shall do, unless we could ascertain the equally difficult previous question, what we are to be. But there is a God, and a just God—a judgment and a future life—and all who own so much let them act according to the faith that is in them. I would not of course limit the range of my genii to this confined earth. There is the universe, with all its extent of worlds.

SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Journal* (December 10th, 1825).

THE QUESTION

“  F THE Immortality of the Soul it appears to me that there can be little doubt, if we attend for a moment to the action of mind: it is in perpetual activity. . . . A *material* resurrection seems strange, and even absurd, except for purposes of punishment; and all punishment which is to *revenge* rather than to *correct* must be *morally wrong*. . . . Human passions have probably disfigured the divine doctrines here, but the whole thing is inscrutable. It is useless to tell me *not to reason* but to *believe*. You might as well tell a man not to wake, but *sleep*. And then to *bully* with torments, and all that. I cannot help thinking that the *menace* of Hell makes as many devils as the severe penal codes of inhuman humanity makes villains.” “Man is born *passionate* of body, but with an innate though secret tendency to the love of Good in his Mainspring of Mind. But God help us all! —It is at present a sad jar of atoms.”

LORD BYRON: *Detached Thoughts*.

THE ABODE WHERE THE ETERNAL ARE

PEACE, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—

He hath awaken'd from the dream of life—
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings—*We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoar'd the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!

The Abode where the Eternal Are

Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandon'd Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature; there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely; he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling
there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed but are extinguish'd not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought

The Abode where the Eternal Are

Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it, for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfill'd renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved
Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

And many more, whose names on earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
"Thou art become as one of us," they cry,
"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid a Heaven of Song.
Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our throng."

Who mourns for Adonais? oh come forth,
Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright.
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth;
As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might

The Abode where the Eternal Are

Satiate the void circumference: then shrink
Even to a point within our day and night;
And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee sink
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the
brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
O, not of him, but of our joy: 'tis nought
That ages, empires, and religions there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
For such as he can lend,—they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their prey;
And he is gather'd to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shatter'd mountains rise,
And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead,
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who plann'd

The Abode where the Eternal Are

This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transform'd to marble; and beneath,
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitch'd in Heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguish'd breath.

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consign'd
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colour'd glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?
Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
A light is passed from the revolving year,

The Abode where the Eternal Are

And man, and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near:
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

SHELLEY: *Adonais*. 1821.

THE VALE OF SOUL-MAKING

I HAVE been reading lately two very different books, Robertson's *America* and Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis XIV.* It is like walking arm and arm between Pizarro and the great-little Monarch. In how lamentable a case do we see the great body of the people in both instances; in the first when Men might seem to inherit quiet of Mind from unsophisticated senses; from uncontamination of civilization and especially from their being as it were estranged from the mutual helps of Society and its mutual injuries—and thereby more immediately under the Protection of Providence—even there they had mortal pains to bear as bad, or even worse than Bailiffs, Debts and Poverties of civilized Life. The whole appears to resolve into this—that Man is originally a poor forked creature subject to the same mischances as the beasts of the forest, destined to hardships and disquietude of some kind or other. If he improves by degrees his bodily accommodations and comforts—at each stage, at each ascent there are waiting for him a fresh set of annoyances—he is mortal and there is still a heaven with its Stars above his head. The most interesting question that can come before us is, How far by the persevering endeavours of a seldom appearing Socrates Mankind may be made happy—I can imagine such happiness carried to an extreme—but what must

The Vale of Soul-Making

it end in?—Death—and who could in such a case bear with death? The whole troubles of life which are now frittered away in a series of years, would the(n) be accumulated for the last days of a being who instead of hailing its approach would leave this world as Eve left Paradise. But in truth I do not at all believe in this sort of perfectability—the nature of the world will not admit of it—the inhabitants of the world will correspond to itself. Let the fish Philosophise the ice away from the Rivers in winter time and they shall be at continual play in the tepid delight of summer. Look at the Poles and at the Sands of Africa, whirlpools and volcanoes. Let men exterminate them and I will say that they may arrive at earthly Happiness. The point at which Man may arrive is as far as the parallel state in inanimate nature and no further. For instance suppose a rose to have sensation, it blooms on a beautiful morning, it enjoys itself, but then comes a cold wind, a hot sun—it cannot escape it, it cannot destroy its annoyances—they are as native to the world as itself—no more can man be happy in spite, the worldly elements will prey upon his nature. The common cognomen of this world among the misguided and superstitious is “a vale of tears” from which we are to be redeemed by a certain arbitrary interposition of God and taken to Heaven. What a little circumscribed straightened (*sic*) notion! Call the world if you please “The vale of Soul-making”. Then you will find out the use of the world (I am speaking now in the highest terms for human nature admitting it to be immortal which I will here

The Vale of Soul-Making

take for granted for the purpose of showing a thought which has struck me concerning it) I say "*Soul-making*"—Soul as distinguished from an Intelligence. There may be intelligences or sparks of the divinity in millions—but they are not Souls till they acquire identities, till each one is personally itself. Intelligences are atoms of perception—they know and they see and they are pure, in short they are God.—How then are Souls to be made? How then are these sparks which are God to have identity given them—so as ever to possess a bliss peculiar to each one's individual existence? How but by the medium of a world like this? This point I sincerely wish to consider because I think it a grander system of salvation than the christian religion—or rather it is a system of Spirit creation. This is effected by three grand materials acting the one upon the other for a series of years. These three materials are the *Intelligence*—the *human heart* (as distinguished from intelligence or Mind) and the *World* or *Elemental space* suited for the proper action of *Mind and Heart* on each other for the purpose of forming the *Soul* or *Intelligence destined to possess the sense of Identity*. I can scarcely express what I but dimly perceive—and yet I think I perceive it—that you may judge the more clearly I will put it in the most homely form possible. I will call the *world* a School instituted for the purpose of teaching little children to read—I will call the *human heart* the *horn Book* read in that School—and I will call the *Child able to read*, the *Soul* made from that *School* and its *horn book*. Do you not see how necessary a World of Pains and troubles is to school an

The Vale of Soul-Making

Intelligence and make it a Soul? A Place where the heart must feel and suffer in a thousand diverse ways. Not merely is the Heart a Hornbook. It is the Mind's Bible, it is the Mind's experience, it is the text from which the Mind or Intelligence sucks its identity. As various as the lives of Men are—so various become their Souls, and thus does God make individual beings, Souls, Identical Souls of the sparks of his own essence. This appears to me a faint sketch of a system of Salvation which does not offend our reason and humanity—I am convinced that many difficulties which christians labour under would vanish before it—there is one which even now strikes me—the salvation of Children. In them the spark or intelligence returns to God without any identity—it having had no time to learn of and be altered by the heart—or seat of the human Passions. It is pretty generally suspected that the christian scheme has been copied from the ancient Persian and Greek Philosophers. Why may they not have made this simple thing even more simple for common apprehension by introducing Mediators and Personages in the same manner as in the heathen mythology abstractions are personified? Seriously I think it probable that this system of Soul-making may have been the Parent of all the more palpable and personal schemes of Redemption among the Zoroastrians, the Christians, and the Hindoos. For as one part of the human species must have their carved Jupiter; so another part must have the palpable and named Mediator and Saviour, their Christ, their Oromanes and their Vishnu. If what I have said should

The Vale of Soul-Making

not be plain enough, as I fear it may not be, I will put you in the place where I began in this series of thoughts—I mean I began by seeing how man was formed by circumstances—and what are circumstances but touchstones of his heart? and what are touchstones but provings of his heart, but fortifiers or alterers of his nature? and what is his altered nature but his Soul?—and what was his Soul before it came into the world and had these provings and alterations and perfectionings?—An intelligence without Identity—and how is this Identity to be made? Through the medium of the Heart? and how is the heart to become this Medium but in a world of Circumstances?

JOHN KEATS: Letter to George and Georgina Keats. April, 1819.



The Supper at Emmaus.

Albert Houthuesen. Collection John Rothenstein.

*And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they went: and he made
as though he would have gone further.*

Luke xxiv. 28.



The Supper at Emmaus.

Velasquez, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them.

Luke xxiv. 29.



The Supper at Emmaus.

Rembrandt, Louvre, Paris.

And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight.

Luke xxiv. 30-31.



Christ Appearing to the Apostles after the Resurrection.

William Blake.

Collection W. Graham Robertson.

Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.

John xx. 19.

EVERLASTING DAY

TAKE me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches
keep,
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb and pine, and languish, till possess
Of its Sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:—
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

J. H. NEWMAN: *Dream of Gerontius*. 1865.

WHAT ARE WE TO BE?

I AM sometimes bewildered and almost overpowered with the astonishing idea of the state for which this must be a preparation. *What are we to be?* almost stupefies me. We know, dear Anna, that we are here; we know not whence we came; we have hopes and desires for the future, and the wonderful organisation of the whole structure of Nature to convince us that we are under the superintendence of some mighty and mysterious power. But of the secrets and marvels of the future existence we are ignorant; yet are we supported with a secret assurance that the object of our existence is for our ultimate happiness, when or where we can only conjecture. I have some idea of a gradual ascent in the scale of existence, and I do not think it irrational, though perhaps a little unscriptural. Whatever our destiny may be, I hope, with all sentimentalists, that the affections may be more than flowers meant only to adorn our earthly pilgrimage; and that those we love and cherish in this life may be allowed to share with us, and we with them, the more refined and more holy ties of a spiritual existence.

MARY HOWITT: *An Autobiography*. 1889.

OCTOBER



LOVE, turn from the unchanging sea, and
gaze

Down these grey slopes upon the year
grown old,


A-dying mid the autumn-scented haze,
That hangeth o'er the hollow in the wold,
Where the wind-bitten ancient elms infold
Grey church, long barn, orchard, and red-roofed stead,
Wrought in dead days for men a long while dead.

Come down, O love; may not our hands still meet
Since still we live to-day, forgetting June,
Forgetting May, deeming October sweet—
—O hearken, hearken! through the afternoon,
The grey tower sings a strange old tinkling tune!
Sweet, sweet, and sad, the toiling year's last breath,
Too satiate of life to strive with death.

And we too—will it not be soft and kind,
That rest from life, from patience and from pain,
That rest from bliss we know not when we find,
That rest from Love which ne'er the end can gain?—
—Heark how the tune swells, that erewhile did wane!
Look up, love! ah, cling close and never move!
How can I have enough of life and love?

WILLIAM MORRIS: *The Earthly Paradise*.

AN EASTER CAROL

PRING bursts today,
For Christ is risen and all the earth's at
play.

Flash forth, thou Sun,
The rain is over and gone, its work is done.

Winter is past,
Sweet Spring is come at last, is come at last.

Bud, Fig and Vine,
Bud Olive, fat with fruit and oil and wine.

Break forth this morn
In roses, thou but yesterday a Thorn.

Uplift thy head,
O pure white Lily through the Winter dead.

Beside your dams
Leap and rejoice, you merry-making Lambs.

All Herds and Flocks
Rejoice, all Beasts of thickets and of rocks.

Sing, Creatures, sing,
Angels and Men and Birds and everything.

All notes of Doves
Fill all our world: this is the time of loves.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: *A Pageant and Other Poems*. 1881.

EASTER DAY

WORDS cannot utter
Christ his returning:
Mankind keep jubilee,
Strip off your mourning,
Crown you with garlands,
Set your lamps burning.

Speech is left speechless;
Set you to singing,
Fling your hearts open wide,
Set your bells ringing;
Christ the Chief Reaper
Comes, His sheaf bringing.

Earth wakes her song-birds,
Puts on her flowers,
Leads out her lambkins,
Builds up her bowers:
This is man's spousal day,
Christ's day, and ours.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: *A Pageant and Other Poems*. 1881.

PARADISE



ONCE in a dream I saw the flowers
That bud and bloom in Paradise;
More fair they are than waking eyes
Have seen in all this world of ours.
And faint the perfume-bearing rose,
And faint the lily on its stem,
And faint the perfect violet
Compared with them.

I heard the songs of Paradise:
Each bird sat singing in his place:
A tender song so full of grace
It soared like incense to the skies.
Each bird sat singing to his mate
Soft cooing notes among the trees:
The nightingale herself were cold
To such as these.

I saw the fourfold River flow,
And deep it was with golden sand;
It flowed between a mossy land
Which murmured music grave and low.
It hath refreshment for all thirst,
For fainting spirits strength and rest:
Earth holds not such a draught as this
From East to West.

Paradise

The Tree of Life stood budding there,
Abundant with its twelvefold fruits;
Eternal sap sustains its roots,
Its shadowing branches fill the air.
Its leaves are healing for the world,
Its fruit the hungry world can feed,
Sweeter than honey to the taste
And balm indeed.

I saw the gate called Beautiful;
And looked, but scarce could look within;
I saw the golden streets begin,
And outskirts of the glassy pool.
Oh harps, oh crowns of plenteous stars,
Oh green palm-branches many-leaved—
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor heart conceived.

I hope to see these things again,
But not as once in dreams by night;
To see them with my very sight,
And touch, and handle and attain:
To have all heaven beneath my feet
For narrow ways that once they trod;
To have my part with all the Saints,
And with my God.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: *A Pageant and Other Poems*. 1881.

HEAVEN IS NOT FAR

HEAVEN is not far, tho' far the sky
Over arching earth and main.
It takes not long to live and die,
Die, revive, and rise again.
Not long: how long? Oh long re-echoing song!
O Lord, how long?

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: *A Pageant and Other Poems*. 1881.

UP-HILL

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole
long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other way-farers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: *A Pageant and Other Poems*. 1881.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY

WORK together with God, therefore, my brethren, in the work of your redemption. While He feeds you, prepare for the heavenly feast; “discern the Lord’s body” when it is placed before you, and suitably treasure it afterwards. Lay up year by year this seed of life within you, believing it will one day bear fruit, “Believe that ye receive it, and ye shall have it.” Glorious indeed will be the springtime of the Resurrection, when all that seemed dry and withered will bud forth and blossom. The glory of Lebanon will be given it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; the fir tree for the thorn; the myrtle tree for the briar; and the mountains and the hills shall break forth before us in singing. Who would miss being of that company? Wretched men will they then appear, who now for a season enjoy the pleasures of sin. Wretched who follow their own selfish will, instead of walking by faith, who are now idle instead of trying to serve God. . . . May He rouse the slumberers, and rouse them to a new life here, that they may inherit His eternal kingdom hereafter.

J. H. NEWMAN: *Parochial and Plain Sermons*. 1837–1842.

THE LORD REIGNETH

BUT "the Lord reigneth". He is risen from the dead. His throne is established of old; He is from everlasting. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea than the mighty waves of the sea. His testimonies are very sure; holiness becometh His house for ever.

Let these be our thoughts whenever the prevalence of error leads us to despond. When St. Peter's disciple, Ignatius, was brought before the Roman emperor, he called himself Theophorus; and when the emperor asked the feeble old man why he so called himself, Ignatius said it was because he carried Christ in his breast. He witnessed there was but one God, who made heaven, earth, and sea, and all that is in them, and one Lord Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son. "Whose kingdom," he added, "be my portion." The emperor asked, "His kingdom," say you, "who was crucified under Pilate?" "His," answered the Saint, "who crucified my sin in me, and who has put all the fraud and malice of Satan under the feet of those who carry Him in their hearts: as it is written, I shall inn there and walk in them."

Ignatius was one against many, as St. Peter had been before him; and was put to death as the Apostle had been: but he handed on the Truth in his day. At length we have received it, weak though we be, and solitary.

The Lord Reigneth

God forbid we should not in our turn hand it on; glorifying Him by our lives, and in all our words and works, witnessing Christ's passion, death and resurrection.

J. H. NEWMAN: *Parochial and Plain Sermons*. 1837-1842.

DEATH EVERLASTING?

HE WAS dead. Permanently dead? Who shall say? Certainly our experiments in spiritualism prove no more than the dogmas of religion that the soul survives death. All that we can say is that everything is arranged in this life as though we entered it carrying the burden of obligations contracted in a former life; there is no reason inherent in the conditions of life on this earth that can make us consider ourselves obliged to do good, to be fastidious, to be polite even, nor make the talented artist consider himself obliged to begin over again a score of times a piece of work the admiration aroused by which will matter little to his body devoured by worms, like the patch of yellow wall painted with so much knowledge and skill by an artist who must for ever remain unknown and is barely identified under the name Vermeer. All these obligations which have not their sanction in our present life seem to belong to a different world, founded upon kindness, scrupulosity, self-sacrifice, a world entirely different from this, which we leave in order to be born into this world, before perhaps returning to the other to live once again beneath the sway of those unknown laws which we have obeyed because we bore their precepts in our hearts, knowing not whose hand had traced them there—those laws to which every

Death Everlasting?

profound work of the intellect brings us nearer and which are invisible only—and still!—to fools. So that the idea that Bergotte was not wholly and permanently dead is by no means improbable.

MARCEL PROUST: *Remembrance of Things Past: The Captive.*

GOD AND CONSCIENCE

NOR doubt I that as this thinking machinery
perisheth with the body, so animal thought
with all its whimper and giggle must perish
therewith,
with all shames, all vain ostentation and ugliness,
and all personality of all other ideas;
except it be that, like as in unconscious things
whence conscience came, there is also throughout
conscient life
the same emergent evolution, persisting
in our spiritual life to the goal of conscience.
This mind perisheth with this body, unless
the personal co-ordination of its ideas
have won to Being higher than animal life
at that point where the Ring cometh upward to reach
the original creative Energy, which is God,
With conscience entering into life everlasting.

ROBERT BRIDGES: *Testament of Beauty*. 1929.

CHRIST IN HUMAN FRIENDSHIP

. . . but the Wind of heav'n
bloweth where it listeth, and Christ yet walketh the earth,
and talketh still as with those two disciples once
on the road to Emmaus—where they walk and are sad;
whose vision of him then was his victory over death,
that resurrection which all his lovers should share,
who in loving him had learn'd the Ethick of happiness;
whereby they too should come where he was ascended
to reign over men's hearts in the Kingdom of God.
Our happiest earthly comradeships hold a pretaste
of the feast of salvation and by that virtue in them
provoke desire beyond them to out-reach and surmount
their humanity in some superhumanity
and ultimate perfection: which, howe'er 'tis found
or strangely imagin'd, answereth to the need of each
and pulleth him instinctively as to a final cause.
Thus unto all who have found their high ideal in Christ,
Christ is to them the essence discern'd or undiscern'd
of all their human friendships; and each lover of him
and of his beauty must be as a bud on the vine
and have participation in him; for Goddes love
is unescapable as nature's environment,
which if a man ignore or think to thrust it off
he is the ill-natured fool that runneth blindly on death.

ROBERT BRIDGES: *Testament of Beauty*.



St. Thomas Doubting.

Rubens, Antwerp Museum.

*Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands ;
and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side : and be not
faithless, but believing.*

John xx. 27.



Christ's Charge to Peter (Feed my Sheep).

Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep. John xxi. 17.



Raphael, The Victoria and Albert Museum, London.




The Descent of the Holy Ghost.

Titian, S. Maria della Salute, Venice.

And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.

Acts ii. 3-4.

VIGNETTE
"AMONG THE MEADOWS"

 MONG the meadows
lightly going
With worship and joy
my heart overflowing,

Far from town
and toil of living,
To a holy day
my spirit giving, . . .

.

Thou tender flower
I kneel beside thee
Wondering why God
so beautified thee.

An answering thought
within me springeth,
A bloom of the mind
her vision bringeth.

Between the dim hill's
distant azure
A flowery foreground
of sparkling pleasure

Vignette "Among the Meadows"

I see the company
 of figures sainted,
For whom the picture
 of earth was painted.

Those robed seers
 who made man's story
The Crown of Nature,
 her cause his glory.


They walk in the city
 which they have builded,
The city of God
 from evil shielded:

To them for canopy
 the vault of heaven,
The flowery earth
 for carpet is given:

Whereon I wander
 not unknowing,
With worship and joy
 my heart o'erflowing.

ROBERT BRIDGES: *Poetical Works*. 1913.

“GIRD ON THY SWORD, O MAN”

 GIRD on thy sword, O man, thy strength endue,
In fair desire thine earth-born joy renew.
Live thou thy life beneath the making sun
Till Beauty, Truth, and Love in thee are one.


Thro' thousand ages hath thy childhood run:
On timeless ruin hath thy glory been:
From the forgotten night of loves fordone
Thou risest in the dawn of hopes unseen.

Higher and higher shall thy thoughts aspire,
Unto the stars of heaven, and pass away,
And earth renew the buds of thy desire
In fleeting blooms of everlasting day.

Thy work with beauty crown, thy life with love;
Thy mind with truth uplift to God above:
For whom all is, from whom was all begun,
In whom all Beauty, Truth, and Love are one.

ROBERT BRIDGES: *Poetical Works*. 1913.


EASTER NIGHT

LL night had shout of men and cry
Of woeful women filled his way;
Until that noon of sombre sky
On Friday, clamour and display
Smote him; no solitude had he,
No silence, since Gethsemane.

Public was death; but power, but might,
But life again, but victory
Were hushed within the dead of night,
The shuttered dark, the secrecy.
And all alone, alone, alone
He rose again behind the stone.

ALICE MEYNELL: *Ten Poems*. 1915.

“MY LORD AND MY GOD”

PRING comes with silent rush of leaf
Across the earth, and cries,
“Lo, Love is risen!” But doubting Grief
Returns, “If with mine eyes

“I may not see the marks, nor reach
My hand into his side,
I will not hear your lips that preach
Love raised and glorified.

“Except by all the wounds that brake
His heart, and marred his brow
Most grievously for sorrow’s sake,
How shall I know him now?”

Love came, and said, “Reach hither, Grief,
Thy hand into my side:
Oh, slow of heart to win belief,
Seeing that for Grief I died.

“Lo, all the griefs of which I died
Rise with me from the dead!”
Then Grief drew near, and touched the side,
And touched the wounds that bled,

“My Lord and My God”

And cried, “My God, O blessèd sign,
O Body raised, made whole,
By this I know that thou art mine,
Upholder of my soul!”

LAURENCE HOUSMAN: *Rue.* 1923.

THE DYING-DAY OF DEATH

TWHO had slept the dreamless sleep of Death
For aeons, wakened to a sense of pain,
Wrenched my stiff hands asunder, gasped for breath,
And was a man again.

The tatters of torn heaven overhead
Were swayed by hurrying wings and busy breath,
It was the resurrection of the dead,
The dying-day of Death.

The sun had halted half-way down the west;
But in the shadow of the pendant blue,
Patient and calm amid the world's unrest,
There shone a star or two.

Weird voices wailed about the vexèd sea;
Cold corpses lay upon the yellow sands,
Panting themselves to life and painfully
Moving their ashen hands.

And in a valley a black cloud was lying,
Lifted by some great giant's moaning breath.
I dared to ask "Is that old Thunder dying?"
One whispered—"Nay, but death."

Ev'n where I stood I heard him moan and gasp;
Saw the cloud rising, falling like a sea;
And watched the hungry fingers pluck and grasp
The rocks deliriously.

The Dying-Day of Death

Then, moving onward for a little space,
I climbed a hill; and on the plain below
Beheld astonièd the hollow face
Of man's relentless foe.

About his temples, sinuous serpent veins
Seemed writhing; and his lips were thin and starven;
While by the chisel of a myriad pains
His great brow-dome was carven.

A broken scythe had fallen on the grass;
I saw brown blood upon it from afar.
But one small corner was as bright as glass,
And had a mirrored star.

So huge the blade, it might have formed an arch
O'er Jordan; and the heavy handle leant
Its weight against a plumèd patriarch larch
Until it bowed and bent.

Lo, as I looked, death's talon-fingers locked
Convulsively; his hands were heart-wards pressed:
The whole land on a sudden rolled and rocked,
Then lapsèd into rest.

There lay God's grimmest, greatest servant Death.
There lay the old inexorable reaper,
Moanless and motionless, devoid of breath,
A cloud-enfolded sleeper.

RONALD C. MACFIE: *Granite Dust*. 1892.

THERE

THERE, in that other world, what waits for me?
What shall I find after that other birth?
No stormy, tossing, foaming, smiling sea,
But a new earth?

No sun to mark the changing of the days,
No slow, soft falling of the alternate night,
No moon, no star, no light upon my ways,
Only the Light.

No gray cathedral, wide and wondrous fair,
That I may tread where all my fathers trod.
Nay, nay my soul, no house of God is there,
But only God.

MARY E. COLERIDGE: *Poems*. 1908.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD:
"IN NO STRANGE LAND"



WORLD invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air—
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumour of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars!
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.


The angels keep their ancient places;—
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry;—and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched between Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems;
And Lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Gennezareth, but Thames.

FRANCIS THOMPSON: *New Poems*. 1899.

THAT NATURE IS A HERACLITEAN FIRE AND
OF THE COMFORT OF THE RESURRECTION

 LOUD-PUFFBALL, torn tufts, tossed pillows
flaunt forth, then chevy on an air-
built thoroughfare: heaven-roysterers, in gay-
gangs they throng; they glitter in marches.
Down roughcast, down dazzling whitewash, wherever
an elm arches,
Shivelights and shadowtackle in long lashes lace, and pair.
Delightfully the bright wind boisterous ropes, wrestles,
beats earth bare
Of yestertempest's creases; in pool and rut peel parches
Squandering ooze to squeezed dough, crust, dust;
stanches, starches
Squadroned masks and manmarks treadmire toil there
Footfretted in it. Million-fueled, nature's bonfire burns on.
But quench her bonniest, dearest to her, her clearest-
served spark
Man, how fast his firedint, his mark on mind, is gone!
Both are in an unfathomable, all is in an enormous dark
Drowned. O pity and indignation! Manshape that shone
Sheer off, disseveral, a star, death blots black out; nor
mark

Is any of him at all so stark
But vastness blurs and time beats level. Enough! the
Resurrection

That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire

A heart's-clarion! Away grief's gasping, joyless days,
dejection.

Across my foundering deck shone
A beacon, an eternal beam. Flesh fade, and mortal trash
Fall to the residuary worm; world's wildfire, leave but
ash:

In a flash, at a trumpet crash,
I am all at once what Christ is, since he was what I am,
and
This Jack, joke, poor potsherd, patch, matchwood,
immortal diamond,
Is immortal diamond.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS: *Poems*. 1918.

WHEN I WAS A CHILD

I

FAIR and far the prospects I remember,
Far and fair;
Then 'twas June but now alas! November
Chills the wintry air.

2

Then I hoped, but now is hope forstricken,
Then I feared, but now I know my doom;
Then I knew all impulses that quicken,
Now I see the tomb.

3


Fair and far the prospects I remember
Fair and far;
Aye, but now I welcome dark December
As the Morning Star:

4

Then I hoped, but now on hope I reckon,
Then I feared, but now across the bar
Bright beyond the Darkness beckon
Prospects fair and far.

A. W. MAIR: *Poems*. 1934.

COLLECT FOR THE FOURTH SUNDAY
AFTER TRINITY

 GOD, the protector of all that trust in thee,
without whom nothing is strong, nothing is
holy; Increase and multiply upon us thy
mercy; that, thou being our ruler and guide,
we may so pass through things temporal, that we finally
lose not the things eternal: Grant this, O heavenly Father,
for Jesus Christ's sake our Lord. *Amen.*

The Book of Common Prayer.

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INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
All night had shout of men and cry	278
Among the meadows	275
As John the Apostle, beheld with sight	160
At the round earth's imagined corners, blow.	181
. . . but the Wind of heav'n	274
Cloud-puffball, torn tufts, tossed pillows flaunt forth, then chevy on an air- built thoroughfare: heaven-roysterers, in gay-gangs they throng; they glitter in marches	285
Death and darkness get you packing	199
Death be not proud, though some have called thee	180
Does the road wind up-hill all the way?	267
Even such is time, that takes in trust	169
Fair and far the prospects I remember	287
Father, I long, I faint to see	238
Father, thy word is past, Man shall find grace	205
Fly envious Time, till thou run out thy race	203
Gird on thy sword, O man, thy strength endue	277
Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry	4
Heaven is not far, tho' far the sky	266
Here let my Lord hang up his conquering lance	174
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar	231
I who had slept the dreamless sleep of Death	281
In this world, the isle of dreams	196
Joy and triumph everlasting	139
Last night I drew up mine account	195
Leave me, O love! which reachest but to dust!	171
Most glorious Lord of Life, that on this day	170
Muses of Sicily, a loftier song	39
My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?	6
Noon's fervid hour perchance six thousand miles	141
Nor doubt I that as this thinking machinery	273

Index of First Lines

	PAGE
O love, turn from the unchanging sea, and gaze	261
O scenes surpassing fair, and yet true	240
O World invisible, we view thee	284
O years! and age! farewell	193
Once in a dream I saw the flowers	265
Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep	248
Permit mine eyes to see	194
Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth	172
Preserve me O God: for in thee do I put my trust	2
Rise heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise	197
Rise, Heir of fresh Eternity	202
Spring bursts today	262
Spring comes with silent rush of leaf	279
Take me away, and in the lowest deep	259
The Lamb's high banquet doth invite	190
The seas are quiet when the Winds give o'er	213
Then to the heav'n of heav'ns He shall ascend	212
There, in that other world, what waits for me?	283
There is a land of pure delight	236
They are all gone into the world of light!	200
To the Paschal Victim, Christians, bring the Sacrifice of praise	137
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more	204
Where then shall Hope and Fear their object find?	232
Words cannot utter	263
Ye golden lamps of Heaven, farewell	239

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
ADAM OF ST. VICTOR	Ad Coenam Agni Providi 190
	Supernae Matris Gaudia 139
ADDISON, JOSEPH	The Islands of the Blest 229
ANDREWES, LANCELOT	Resurget Frater Tuus 173
APOCRYPHA, THE	Prayer for the Dead 48
	They are in Peace 49
BAXTER, RICHARD	Renewed in Christ 227
BIBLE	(see <i>Holy Bible</i>)
BRIDGES, ROBERT	Ad Coenam Agni Providi 190
	Christ in Human Friendship 274
	"Gird On Thy Sword, O Man" 277
	God and Conscience 273
	Supernae Matris Gaudia
	(see also <i>Adam of St. Victor</i>) 139
	Vignette "Among the Meadows" 275
BROWNE, SIR THOMAS	The Metaphysics of True Belief 187
	The Resurrection of the Body 185
BUNYAN, JOHN	The City Shone like the Sun 218
BUTLER-BOWDEN, W.	(see <i>Kempe</i>)
BYRON, LORD	The Question 247
CALVERLEY, C. S.	(see <i>Virgil</i>)
CARY, H. F.	(see <i>Dante</i>)
	Unto Us a Child is Born, <i>note</i> 41
CICERO	The Dream of Scipio 42
COLERIDGE, MARY E.	There 283
COMMON PRAYER, BOOK OF	Collect for the Fourth Sunday after
	Trinity 288
COWPER, WILLIAM	O Scenes Surpassing Fair 240
CRASHAW, RICHARD	Easter Day 202
CYNEWULF	The Lot of the Blessed 138
DAME JULIA OF NORWICH	Love Without End 168
DANTE	Paradise 141
DODDRIDGE, PHILIP	Ye Golden Lamps 239
DONNE, JOHN	Death, Thou Shalt Die 180
	Non Moriar, Non Moriar 182
	Teach me how to Repent 181
DUHM VERSION	Despised and Rejected of Men, <i>note</i> 11
	The Lord is My Portion, <i>note</i> 2
FLETCHER, GILES	Christ's Triumph after Death 174
FORMAN, H. BUXTON	(see <i>Keats</i>)

Index of Authors

	PAGE
FULLER, THOMAS . . . The Risen Christ our Hope . . .	192
HANNAH, J. (see <i>Raleigh</i>)	
HERBERT, GEORGE . . . Easter	197
HERRICK, GEORGE . . . Eternity	193
	On Heaven 194
	The Sum and the Satisfaction . . . 195
	The White Island: Or Place of the Blest 196
HOLY BIBLE, THE . . . A Voice of a Great Multitude . . .	130
	Born out of Due Time 117
	Despised and Rejected of Men . . . 11
	First and Last 36
	Good Tidings 9
	Job's Vindicator 14
	Lay Hold on Life Eternal 122
	Now they Desired a Better Country . . 124
	The Kingdom is the Lord's 6
	The Lord is My Portion 2
	The Lord's Coming 128
	The Story of the Passion and the Resur- rection I 51
	The Story of the Passion and the Resur- rection II 81
	These Dead Men Shall Live 37
	Thou wilt hear me, O God 4
	Thy Dead Men Shall Live 1
HOPKINS, GERARD MANLEY . . That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire and of the Comfort of the Resurrection . . .	285
HOUSMAN, LAURENCE . . . " My Lord and My God "	279
HOWITT, MARGARET . . . (see <i>Mary Howitt</i>)	
HOWITT, MARY What are we to Be?	260
JOHNSON, SAMUEL Hope and Fear	232
	No More Grief or Separation 234
JOWETT, BENJAMIN (see <i>Plato</i>)	
JULIA OF NORWICH (see <i>Dame Julia of Norwich</i>)	
KEATS, JOHN The Vale of Soul-Making	254
KEMPE, MARGERY It is full merry in Heaven	167
KENNEDY, C. W. (see <i>Cynewulf</i>)	
MACFIE, RONALD CAMPBELL . The Dying Day of Death	281
MOORE, THOMAS (see <i>Byron</i>)	
MAIR, A. W. When I was a Child	287
MEYNELL, ALICE Easter Night	278
MILTON, JOHN Man Shall Find Grace	205
	On Time 203
	The Blest Kingdom of Joy and Love . . 204
	The Earth Shall be all Paradise . . . 212
MORRIS, WILLIAM October	261

Index of Authors

	PAGE
NEALE, JOHN MASON	Victimæ Paschali 137
NEW TESTAMENT	<i>see Holy Bible</i>
NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY	Everlasting Day 259
	The Lord Reigneth 269
	The Resurrection of the Body 268
OESTERLEY, W. O. E.	(<i>see Duhm version</i>)
	Despised and Rejected of Men, <i>note</i> 12
	The Lord is My Portion, <i>note</i> 3
OLD TESTAMENT	(<i>see Holy Bible</i>)
PEARL, THE	The New Jerusalem 160
PLATO	The Death of Socrates 28
	The Myth of Er 16
POPE, ALEXANDER	The Great Teacher Death 231
PROUST, MARCEL	Death Everlasting? 271
RALEIGH, SIR WALTER	Even such is Time 169
ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA	An Easter Carol 262
	Easter Day 263
	Heaven Is Not Far 266
	Paradise 264
	Up Hill 267
	There is a God and a Just God 245
SCOTT, SIR WALTER	(<i>see Proust</i>)
SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, C. K.	The Death of Death 172
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM	The Abode where the Eternal Are 248
SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE	Eternal Love 171
SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP	Easter Sunday 170
SPENSER, EDMUND	Job's Vindicator, <i>note</i> 14
STEVENSON, WM. BARRON	(<i>see Scott</i>)
TAIT, PRINCIPAL J. G.	The Mansions where we shall Sing and
TAYLOR, JEREMY	Feast 214
	The Kingdom of God 284
THOMPSON, FRANCIS	Easter Hymn 199
VAUGHAN, HENRY	They are all gone into the World of
	Light 200
VIRGIL	Unto Us a Child is Born 39
WALLER, EDMUND	Old Age 213
WARRACK, G. M.	(<i>see Dame Julia of Norwich</i>)
WATTS, ISAAC	A Prospect of Heaven makes Death Easy 236
	The Humble Worship of Heaven 238
WESTON, JESSIE L.	(<i>see The Pearl</i>)
WOODBIDGE, H. ELLIS	(<i>see Yattendon Hymnal</i>)
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM	So Good must be Better 243
YATTENDON, HYMNAL, THE	Ad Coenam Agni Providi 190
	Supernæ Matris Gaudia 139
	(<i>see also Adam of St. Victor and Bridges</i>)